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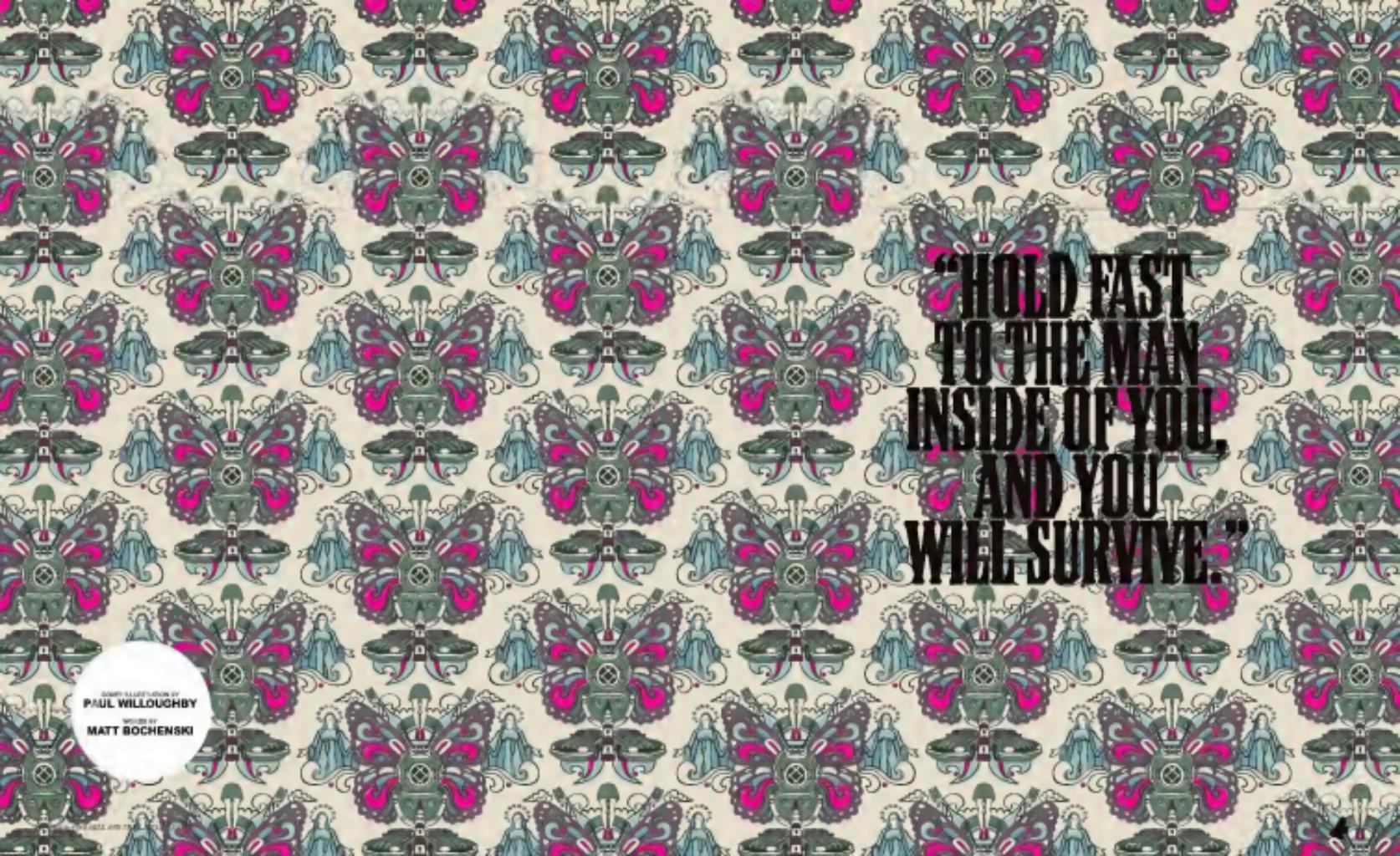
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LITTLE WHITE LIES

Truth & Movies

THE
DIVING
BELL
AND
THE
BUTTERFLY
ISSUE





A repeating pattern of stylized butterflies and figures on a light background. The butterflies are dark green with pink and blue accents. The figures are blue and white, resembling traditional religious icons. The overall effect is a dense, decorative wall of imagery.

**HOLD FAST
TO THE MAN
INSIDE OF YOU,
AND YOU
WILL SURVIVE.**

GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION BY
PAUL WILLOUGHBY
WRITER
MATT BOCHENSKI



CHARTER ONE

in which we discuss the
dining bell and the butterfly

RECORDED
BY
CHARLES
MURRAY
1968

RECORDED
BY
CHARLES
MURRAY
1968

RECORDED
BY
CHARLES
MURRAY
1968

It's only taken
the blink of an
eye for Julian
Schnabel to
become a great
filmmaker.

You've got to love disabled people in the movies. They're like a civic service lesson for normal folk, putting our own lives into perspective with their courageous suffering. Sure, they don't get to do much



else on screen, but then they're not, after all, real people. The fact that disabled actors and writers are almost entirely absent from cinema is beside the point. What would you rather do: engage with a

destructive modern prejudice, or just get Clint Eastwood to kill them off in some noble deathbed scene? Because hey, for all that inspiring bravery, no one really wants to live like that, do they? *





Hollywood's treatment of disability has been suspect to say the least. The raise crippler is the new creationist: the acceptable face of an issue we'd rather ignore. And at first glance, it's an attitude that *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly* wants to echo. It looks like one of those' films, one which finds a poise dignify in the midst of disability. But it's not. This is the voice of authenticity, a dispatch from a lonely shore brimming with pain, anger and humour — in the chaotic complexity of real life.

At the age of 48, Jean-Bernard Beaubéry, the Editor in Chief of French *Elle*, was paralysed by a cerebrovascular stroke. Suffering from a rare disorder known as 'locked in syndrome', his contact with the world was reduced to the blink of an eye. The only part of himself that he was able to control. With the help of a speech therapist, Beaubéry gradually developed a system of communication by striking at the letters of the alphabet as he sounded them. Over the course of a year alongside a young editor, Claude, he painstakingly constructed an account of his experiences that was part memoir, part diary and part confession. He called it *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*.

Julian Schnabel alludes to this salutary story with extraordinary verve. "I began with respect," says Beaubéry (Mathieu Amalric), and so do we in an informed first-person narrative that pitches us head first into Beaubéry's world. Colours smear the screen and dissolve into wavy light faces, crossed the frame artfully living beyond the limits of the screen as Beaubéry's world was reduced to a fraction of perception.

It's a bold, showy opening that has the energy of experimental art and some of the gaudy detail of a medical lecture. It's brilliantly edited to provide hints and reflections of Beaubéry's unseen life, and superbly photographed by József Karmazsán, who captures the thin, faded tones of northern France's natural light to give the landscape an isolated, unreal air.

But where Beaubéry's hands are trapped as if inside a diving bell, his mind takes flight. Like a butterfly, Beaubéry revisits dreams and memories in these spaces, freed from his own physical constraints. Schnabel indulges in vivid flights of fantasy: Beaubéry emerges from the hospital's living history, revisiting his young editor at Le Quai, and remembers an old love affair that once took him to Lourdes. Though there's often something wistfully simple in Schnabel's metaphors, these scenes are both poignant and joyful, and a deep anguish of air in the otherwise idyllic atmosphere.

When Beaubéry's face is finally revealed, old photographs of Mathieu Amalric's unadulterated good looks give way to a spent close up, and it's a shocking transformation. Silence seeps down his chin, an ugly slobber covers one eye, tails of skin crisscross his neck, his honesty and simplicity are profoundly confrontational, but there is Beaubéry right beside you, struggling through the same emotions, silently saying that he looks like something "that's come out of a set of formaldehyde." ▼



The beauty of Schreiber's interpretation is that it avoids both pity and melodrama. It's no wonderer – how could it be? Trapped inside himself, Bubby is incapable of displaying emotion. Instead, Schreiber and composer Paul Carron offer us moments of quiet, introspective graft often heightened by flashes of from our

It's here where all the film benefits from Bubby's own words. For all the impotent regrets and guilt over past mistakes (he has haunted by the kidnapping of a colleague on a flight that he himself was supposed to be on) he refuses to apologize either for the person he was, or the one he's become. Bubby was no angel before his accident, and disability doesn't suddenly make him a saint. Glances of sharp compassion reveal his past life: the models, the magazine shoots, the fancy matress, the senseless, shallow beauty. And though his disability unlocked something inside him... something that produced a look of real and lasting beauty. It didn't change the essence of the man. His mind reaches to the women in his life in the same flirtatious way it ever did, and by the same token, he's still capable of moments of great cruelty especially against those same women. He reduces Hennatta (Mélanie Doutey) to tears by his insistence that he wants to die, and with a kind of sudden force breaks wife to translate for him in a phone call with his mistress.

It would be tedious to suggest that Amalraja's performance is 'brilliant', but it's undeniably committed. He allows his body to become an object of currency in its stark, substantive nudity. Compare this to the charisma he exudes in flashback or fantasy, and you begin to get a sense of how far he had to go to lose any trace of that twinkling humanity. He's supported by the great and the good at the French acting establishment, with Mireille Enos and Olaf Lopes-Garmendia the standouts as the two therapists who mind Bubby half-mad with sexual frustration.

If there's a problem, it's that the message is a little too loud and clear. "I wanted this film to help you handle your own death" is how Schreiber has described it – a fanatical ambition for any film, no matter how well crafted. But it severely detracts from the fact that *The Green Mile* and *The Butterfly* is an exquisite and moving experience. It's not a worthy or manipulative film. It's simply the story of a man whose physical disability marked changes that were far more profound, but who remained true to his sense of self – for better and for worse – until the end. And if that sounds like just another lesson to be learned, it's one that might teach us something about disability itself, rather than our own insecurities. In that respect, perhaps it's one worth learning. ■



Anticipation. A woman
wishes from a unique artist,
but potentially another disabled
disabled Dick Poor

Enjoyment. superbly cast
and brilliantly directed: an
ultimate film that's also accessible,
humorous and compelling: *Never*

In Retrospect. will make
you examine your own feelings
and prejudices towards disability,
and how many films can claim to
achieve that? *Never*

current



Producer



ONE GIRL CAN HAVE IT ALL. A DARING FASHION DESIGNER BY DAY AND STYLIST TO THE STARS, KESH IS A NEW WAVE SOCIAL IDOL ON THE RISE / BY KARINNE

THE REAL KESH



DEAD BEAUTIFUL



Producer



Director

AS THE WORLD'S JOURNALISTS ARE KICKED OUT OF PAKISTAN, ZAID ZAFAR REPORTS FROM THE FRONTLINES / BY JAGUARJIT



VANISHED IN PAKISTAN



COPENHAGEN YOUTH RIOTS

COPENHAGEN TURNED
INTO A WAR ZONE, WHEN
THOUSANDS OF YOUNG
PEOPLE PROTESTED
ABOUT THE DEMOLITION
OF THE 'YOUTH HOUSE'
BY KATRINE



PHOTOGRAPH BY
KATRINE



SECRET GRAFFITI

TWO FRIENDS
PREPARE TO BATTLE
IN 1 MILE STYLE
GRAFFITI WAR –
MAY THE BEST
SKETCHER WIN
BY NICK CALOHI



PHOTOGRAPH BY
NICK CALOHI



PARKOUR NYC

EDD LINDEN
PARKOUR IS HAVING
A PHYSICAL
CONVERSATION
WITH THE URBAN
LANDSCAPE
BY ISSARA



PHOTOGRAPH BY
ISSARA

Your World. View.

ON TV & ONLINE
SKY 193
VIRGIN MEDIA 155
CURRENT.COM

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF
'IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE'

**"SEXY, KNOCKOUT
PERFORMANCES FROM
RACHEL WEISZ AND
NATALIE PORTMAN"**

DAILY MAIL

"ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS"

DAILY TELEGRAPH

**"BREATHTAKING.
A VISUALLY ARRESTING
JOURNEY ACROSS
AMERICA"**

THE TIMES



NORAH JONES JUDE LAW DAVID STRATHAIRN RACHEL WEISZ NATALIE PORTMAN
MY BLUEBERRY NIGHTS
A FILM BY WONG KAR WAI

IN CINEMAS FEBRUARY 22

The principles of the present Convention shall be:

- a. Respect for inherent dignity and individual autonomy, including the freedom to make one's own choices, and independence of persons;
- b. Non-discrimination;
- c. Full and effective participation and inclusion in society;
- d. Respect for differences and acceptance of persons with disabilities as part of human diversity and humanity;
- e. Equality of opportunity;
- f. Non-institutionalization;
- g. Equality between men and women;
- h. Respect for the evolving capacities of children with disabilities and respect for the right of children with disabilities to preserve their identities.

Article 1 General Principles

The United Nations Convention on the Rights of People with Disabilities

CHAPTER TWO

*in which we
introduce ourselves*

LWLM

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU LOVE ABOUT MOVIES?

Marie-Josée Croze

Well, it's a really hard question. I like when I don't understand everything, and I like when I see, for example, Bergman - he has this effect on me. When I watch his films I just feel that it's so true and so real, but I cannot explain it because it's touched the unconscious part of my brain or something inside my stomach, and I start crying and I don't know why - that's why I don't like psychological films. I like a more slow films too. Like David Lynch, I love David Lynch and Cronenberg and those people who are really inventive and try to catch us in a place that I don't know, so I discover something inside of me in a way, that's why I don't like thrillers. I don't like it when I have to put my logical mind and watch a film like a story. No, I like when it's a mystery. I like when it's like an adventure and just enjoy it. These are the films that modify the way you see life. When you see a David Lynch film, life is not the same - afterwards it's impossible to see exactly the same things.



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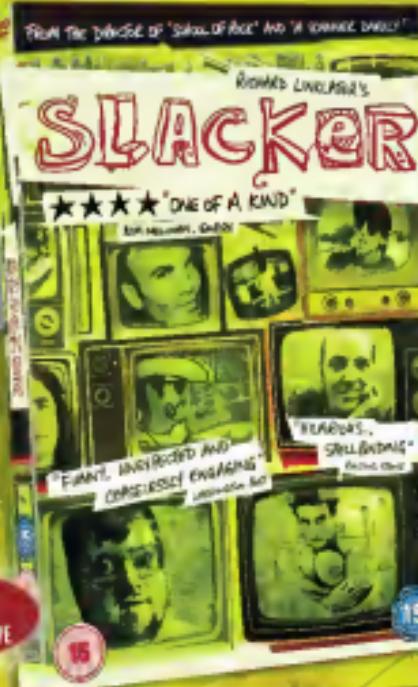
"A GROUND-BREAKING MASTERPIECE"

- EMPIRE

Slacker (slak'ər), n. 1. a person who evades his or her duty or work; shirker. 2. a person who evades military service. 3. term popularized in the early 1990s for an esp. educated young person who is anti-materialistic, purposeless, apathetic, and usually works in a dead-end job and rejects the values of the generation before them. 4. the title of a film directed by Academy Award® nominee Richard Linklater.

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HEMETHIC-1

Loved The Emperor Long Zanaged
2000, except that HEWANG
as the inheritance of the
birth of Christ rather than
His death. There's Kaover -
2000

PRAISE PREDEED

the beginning is just like
most writing. It's a lot
of fun, I really like it.
Even if I don't agree with
the story.

1070

STRIKE OUT

Consequently, I expected the same answer that I had expected with most of my answers on the previous interview sheet: "What are the top three things the DOD is pursuing? Personally, judging by the news coming out of Washington recently, I thought the DOD's top three things were a few years ago

ANSWERING QUESTIONS

We've been following the coverage here on *India's* really feel the need to add our voice to it. So much of the business reporting of Bollywood in the US is already clichéd that we

don't want to stop with the socialist. For anybody who wants to get up to speed on money, Shashi Tharoor is probably the best place to start just now.

END. A WORD OF WARNING

and everybody Shashi Tharoor is an important, respected and approachable person.

BRIT'S KICK ASS

Dear Little White Sons,
Re: "What's Happened to the Little Kids?" on the white, pretty disapproving
face these talented
blondes, one male, who
go to the DL for understanding
that there're so many more
British characters working
ONLINE THAN OFF - Roger
Reight, Paul Giamatti
and Dennis Lehane are
working some of the DLs
in the second issue.

卷之三

CRAB COMPANY

Terrie White Ries,
Look what you've endured
We're not bringing up the rear
Comparing. I'm no longer than
At the bar, but I don't
think we deserved a false
shoutout. Besides, he's done

very little of each
in the past 20 years (he
and his wife are in their
late 60s).
Last Saturday and Sunday
Bob and I were down west
for ergonomic fun. Longer
than I've been in years.
Bob and I are the same
age, though our wife
is 10 years younger.
Bob and I are the same
age, though our wife
is 10 years younger.

Hilary Clinton

John Thornton is a slick
joke, and take Well, what
the point? Well, just know
this is his own private hell.
But Connelly was an once who
prided himself with
long drives and a total
lack of respect for his
audience and talents. He
denounces everything he
gets. And he doesn't get
half as much as he should.

OH, THE HORROR

Is there a market for good
SOCIAL LIFE AND BETTER TIME
because pain doesn't seem to
have enlightened everything and
blurred emotion to anything
more intelligent. Will we
ever see the LIBERATE BUREAU
Look Book, like Glassing or
ever something like Regard

Equality. I'm asking of
you more understanding & respect
any communication you

2000-01

Den enendt de worten. Dan
he si overtuigd en blaastens,
en veralderen Koninkr. sprek.
Ris, en 1658, 467. 240
Kanck's Fancie-Gesetz vermaale
dighe in 2000. Den't 1666
dighe 2000 yet.

KNOW YOUR LIMITS

I respond that MILLION prefers
SILENT OR SILENT-DEPENDENT
because - you're not allowed to
speak in your name, and that
will be a good thing. Being
honest, though, is an equally
easy to start writing about
something meaningful. I'm
not helping them either. I think
of course writing genuine
honesty points to audience
of DREAMING VACATION - but
I think you need - that's
useful, but ultimately, I look
forward to my complete done
of the song, and of course
comes and blows you up, when
the ball is the size of the
peanut in the air? Put one of the
other songs on the album?
I don't think so! You're
lighter, guys don't mess with

110

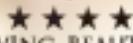
BASED ON THE ACCLAIMED WORLDWIDE BEST SELLING NOVEL
FROM THE DIRECTOR OF MONSTER'S BALL AND FINDING NEVERLAND

The Kite Runner

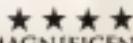
PG
DIRECTIONS AND
WRITTEN BY KAREN HILL



"A POWERFUL AND MOVING
TALE OF FRIENDSHIP, BETRAYAL
AND REDEMPTION"
DANIEL STERN



"A MOVING, BEAUTIFULLY
TOLD STORY"
MICHAEL BIEHN



"MAGNIFICENT..."
CHARLES SMITH, ACTOR



AT CINEMAS DECEMBER 26



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CHAPTER THREE

in which we discuss themes
of uncommon interest inspired
by our feature film

NOTHING ABOUT US WITHOUT US

WORDS BY MATT DOCHERTY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM CHRISTMAS AND CHRIS ORENDS

WHILE CELEBRATED ACTORS BAG AWARDS FOR PLAYING DISABLED ROLES, PERFORMERS WITH DISABILITIES ARE BEING PUSHED INTO THE BACKGROUND. WE ASKED THREE ACTORS TO TALK FRANKLY ABOUT WHAT'S GOING ON, AND WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT.

There have been some cracking performances by disabled actors over the years. They were the stars of the show in *Festus* (1932), and who could forget *The Hereditary Detective* (1936). Herbert Geddes' *Mercury Man* test, which helpfully explained the state's policy of 'mercy killing' to the German people, and which was so good Hitler himself made sure it was played in every cinema in the country. Damn, those were a few years back when disabled actors couldn't stop getting work.

Maybe we've come a long way since then, but when your starting point is mass incarceration it's hard to get noticed. Today disabled people make up 14 per cent of the UK population, but you wouldn't believe it from watching on the TV: it's great when a company like *Aardman Animations* uses Creature Comforts to put disability in the spotlight, but the truth is, for every Disability Film Festival that pushes the merits of disabled actors, there are a hundred barriers to equality in the system – from access to ignorance to blatant discrimination.

For a while there, it all seemed like it might be different. In 1976, Britain's Union of the Physically Impaired Against Segregation boldly claimed that "it is society which disables physically impaired people." This was the era of crap theatre and other radical art

movements that fought to reclaim the identity of disability. At the NFT, Alan Sutherland and Steve Dwivedi programmed the pioneering *Carry On Dodge* season, while independent theatre companies sprung up around the country. This was the fuck you free of disability talkin' it like it was regardless of whether people wanted to listen.

But then as guys like Billy Crystal continued to push the envelope, showing *When Billy Rode His Horse*... and *Other Tales of Wonder* at Sundance in 1995 (big hint: "This isn't exactly your inspirational crippled story!"), the mainstream proved stubbornly resistant to equality. Rather than open the floodgates to disabled performers, Hollywood preferred to let its rich and famous speck up like modern day immortals while telling itself how courageous they were.

"They don't want gangs of disabled people in the movies," says Lucy Ovens, editor of *Abuse* magazine. "The Voice of the Disability Nation": "It's like a vision of death. That's what goes on in the minds of people who want to have their movies and all their fancy occasions without us."

How long can we keep disabled actors knocking at the door before they kick it down: wheelchair or not? To see if the winds of change are blowing, we spoke to three actors and asked them to share the highs and lows of their professional lives. ▼

ANNA CANNINGS THE PIONEER

As a child, my interest started out in radio-drama, then I did some over-work for radio magazines as a teenager, and eventually I came into acting. It was something that was born of other things, but it's a love that's grown. My big break was an audition for a guest-leading role in *ITV's William and Mary*. I got the part, and then had the huge shock of going from 40-second commercials to a nine-minute role in a prime-time drama, which was familying but great, fun, and obviously really good for my career.

When I'm on set, the only difference really is that, I read the script in advance because I put it into braille, and on the day I'll have an access worker there to read it to me in case there are changes in terms of the physical filming process, the only adjustment that would have to be made is if I have to walk a specific route that has to be accurate in terms of the direction if it's a tight space. I might need to practice that a couple of times to make sure that I'm going to be able to walk exactly where they want me to.

I have left discrimination against in my career. Right from wanting to go to a mainstream school through to my career choices now. There have been people along the way who have either very outspokenly or more fully given me the same message: 'Don't bother', or certainly 'Think long and hard before you do it'. And I also know of people who've gone for auditions where they are supposedly looking for somebody with a disability but then a non-disabled actor gets the role. Even if the non-disabled actor has more experience with the roles for us, how can we ever be expected to build up as much experience and therefore be as proficient as an actor who probably goes to auditions, read work?

The way the castings are run at the moment, and the way the system is, means that there are a lot of barriers, which obviously limits the amount of work you can go far. Hence why I've got a pretty diverse career.

I don't think there is enough risk-taking, and I think there's always a thing to sacrifice diversity. For some directors, if a person looked different, say, because of their eyes, everything else about them would have to be perfect if they were going to make that compensation. And I don't think there is enough thought as to how disability can be a part of a piece of drama without it having to be the central feature. It's true that I do things slightly differently because of my disability but I certainly wouldn't choose it in everyday life like it's discussed in drama. Instead of being issue-based, it could be far more interesting and diverse if it was just there – just part of you as a person – rather than a major part of the storyline.

There's a lot of people you could blame if you were going to go down that route. You could blame commissioning editors, you could blame writers, you could blame casting directors, you could blame us as performers for not being vocal enough. But it's difficult to be vocal when people aren't necessarily that interested in listening to you. I would like to see truly inclusive casting, that would be a perfect world, but I see that that is an awful long way off in terms of film.

Anna Cannings is an actress who was born with bilateral microphthalmia, which means that her eyes haven't fully developed. She was the first blind pupil to attend a mainstream school. ▶





PAUL HENSHALL THE SUPERSTAR

Right from being a child I was interested in entertaining people. I did the school plays no mind who else does them. I went to college and did a BTec in performing arts. Following that – after going a lot of discrimination from places – I managed to enrol in drama school

Some of the places said that they didn't see the point in training disabled actors at that time because there was no work for us, and a lot of them had no access. It was a real battle to get anywhere. It was devastating, but if you don't get in somewhere, it's very difficult to prove that you're being turned down on the grounds of disability. You have to be careful – if you complain too much you quickly get a reputation for being 'difficult'. But one of the things you need as an actor is tenacity and I had supportive parents who wouldn't allow me to give up. I eventually managed to pull through, but it was heartbreaking.

What's even harder is facing the criticism from within the disabled community [about being a token person]. I have spent many hours agonising over them, because all I'm trying to do is be an actor. In my view, the strongest way we can fight against discrimination is just to do the job. There's not really a lot more we can do. I'm ultimately just an actor – I get paid to do the job and I have to do what I'm told. I can't afford to make waves.

I never wanted to be a trailblazer, and I wouldn't wish it on anybody. All I want to do is work as an actor – that's all I ever wanted – so to have what feels like a constant eye over my shoulder watching everything I do is quite difficult. Just give me a break – I'm doing

the best I can with the parts I get offered. If I really thought they were doing damage to our cause I would speak up, but all I can do is be true to myself. I can't reflect the point of view of every disabled person in this country.

I suppose the roles that I've played on television have all been 'about' disability to a greater or lesser degree – in the same way that black actors in the '70s were all playing parts to do with the colour of their skin. To move forward, we need to look at roles in other areas, maybe the theatre. I think the theatre could do a lot more because although it may be less heard about than television, any art we can get into which will push us forward and let us be seen by people in another way is going to be helpful.

If I were in charge, I'd open up more training courses, I would talk to drama schools and say 'Look, we want to give disabled actors roles and see them playing parts on the television, but we need you as an institution to give them the training.' That's where it needs to start. But then acting is renowned as a difficult profession – there's no point getting too angry about that because all actors suffer. If you're not prepared for that, then you don't go into it.

Paul Henshall is an actor who got his big break in the drama *A Thing Called Love* before landing a gig on *Hollyoaks*. He has cerebral palsy, a disability that affects the limbs. Part of his brain was damaged when he was born prematurely and resuscitated by doctors. 'But really, they still don't know that much about it,' he says. **W**

SASHA HARDWAY THE MODELS/LASH ACTRESS

My mom entered me for a modelling competition in the local newspaper when I was at school, but when I got through to the editor, she said, "Look, you can't go because you're in a wheelchair. They won't be able to cope with you." She didn't want to disappoint me because I'd had some bad experiences when I was younger when people weren't prepared for me to show up like that, but I was really upset. So a while later I applied for a TV show called *Model Behaviour*, and I let them know that I was in a wheelchair.

Eventually through that, I was signed to a disabled talent agency.

I didn't realise that disabled people could do acting. You don't really think about it, do you? Well, I didn't, but then I got my first job as an extra in a TV commercial, and after that, I was in the background in *The Bell*. As soon as I'd got those jobs I wanted to do more, but proper acting rather than just in the background. Then there was an audition for a Stephen Polkakoff film, *Rivets and Greetings*, so I went for that and I got it. That was my first main acting job.

I'm still young but what I've noticed is that there aren't that many roles for disabled people, and it's a shame when actors who are able-bodied get them. We don't want to put disabled people in something just for the sake of it, but it means that they're ignoring somebody who's as good at acting and who's probably going to be more natural when they're in a wheelchair.

I think that people in society don't know how to cope with wheelchairs, and because people in normal, everyday life can't deal with it, the media have found it hard to incorporate it. Maybe it's because if they see someone going in a wheelchair they feel bad because they think that you're worse off than them. But just because you're in a wheelchair doesn't mean you're worse off than somebody who

it's because people in the media portray people in wheelchairs as being all things when people who are disabled are in everyday situations like when they go to job interviews or they go to uni, or they meet new people. Then people will treat them normally rather than differently, and they'll be able to look past the disability. Once people get over disability and see you as a person, that's when they're going to start seeing us in films. That's when you'll be accepted and integrated.

People have to get used to disability first. My mum's a carer at a community centre and looks after people with disabilities during the day. With some of the people there, visually it's something that's difficult to look at. People need time to get used to that sort of thing. It's across them – if you say "Do you want to watch something and... oh yeah, it's about disability" people get worried. That's why you won't see it on TV or film, but things like that are true. That's real life.

I'd like to become the first Hollywood disabled actress. The same status as Cameron Diaz – could you have someone as big as Cameron Diaz in a wheelchair? I think it's more hopeful for future generations if there are good disabled actors out there, then people can't be turned down forever, can they?

Sasha Hardway is an actress and model who has a rare form of dystonia, a disability that causes pain in her muscles and means she is unable to put her heels on the floor or keep her balance. At first, her doctors thought she does, nobody seems sure. "It's complicated," she says. ■

Special thanks to Louise Dyson of *Visible People*: www.visiblemedia.co.uk. All these transcripts are available to read in full, online, in *Time Out*.



THE ARTIST IS NOT FOR TURNING

WORD BY MIKE BROWN
ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL DE WILHELM

FILM MAY HAVE ALLOWED JULIAN SCHNABEL TO COME OUT OF HIS CHRYSALIS, BUT HE'LL NEVER ADMIT TO BEING MORE THAN A NOT-SO-HUMBLE ARTIST.



That is, like any truly myth-making cultural figure, no two accounts of the controversial New York artist bear more than a passing resemblance to one another. A man of many identities and none, Schnabel's extraordinary string of accolades, controversies, groundbreaking creations and hubristic hubris has allowed him to perpetuate a reputation as an accomplished polymath, while the artist himself asserts time and again that he needs only to be considered a painter.

If his reputation for egotism was less well publicised, you might mistake this narrow definition as modesty. Those familiar with Schnabel's distinctive brand of bombast are more inclined to put it down to his legendary egomaniacal Having famously asserted that "I see myself as a painter even if I make sculptures", it was no surprise when Schnabel greeted the completion of his extensive redesign of Los Angeles' Gramercy Park Hotel with the claim that he was "not a designer". Even his signature slate paintings of the late 1990s and 1980s – a mélange cacophony of broken ceramics and thickly layered paint – seem to have been a product of the artist's bloody-minded insistence on differentiating himself at all costs. As he remarked of his inspiration at the time, "I thought that if painting is dead, then it's a nice time to start painting."

Schnabel has courted contradiction and controversy ever since he burst onto the arts scene in 1993, sandwiching seven sides of his work between pieces of bread before submitting them to the Whitney Museum's Independent Study Program. It was a fitting introduction to a man whose working life has spanned four decades and a multitude of occupations, from cabaret to interior designer, sunglasses salesman to solicitor, short-order cook and – latterly – filmmaker.

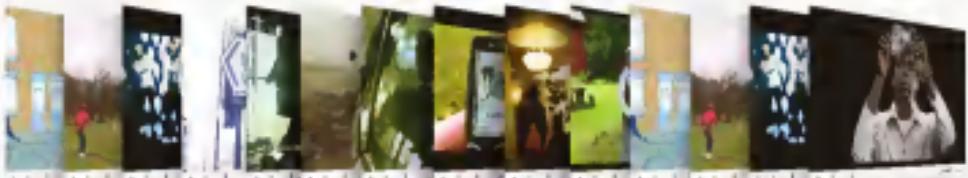
Given the range of his life experience – and the muddled nature of his work – it was perhaps inevitable that no amount of commercial success would see Schnabel's distinctive brand of aesthetic mongrelism easily accepted by the arts establishment. If anything, the seemingly bulletproof performance of his work at auction has inflamed the intellectual ire of critics, with the heady press he achieved in the early 1990s contrasting starkly with the herculean critical reception they received. While some artists have benefited from historical re-evaluation, the passage of time has, for the most part, continued to pour cold water on Schnabel's credentials as a painter. Even while newspapers and magazines have lined up to dismiss his work as "impulses and hints of dehydrated grossness" (The Guardian), and Schnabel himself as "a B-movie karate fighter lurking at an open door" (The New York Sun), the work remains commercially buoyant, frequently exceeding auction estimates. Such sales would have evoked the satisfaction of a less hubristic artist.

Fortunately, the least than quiet confidence of a man who once declared, "I'm as close to Picasso as you're going to get in this fucking life", remains unaffected by the barbs of the critical community. It may or may not be an elaborate charade, but Schnabel himself seems to care little whether people view him as a certified eccentric or just plain certifiable. As he stated in a 2003 *Observer* interview: "I've been living with a lot of negativity for the past 15 years, but it never impacted on my work, or my way of working. It's like a thorniness with bursa shifting on its back. It stopped me getting comfortable but it never worried me."

But or no shit, there's no doubt that Julian Schnabel does things his own way, with a single-minded vision – and the grim determination required to realise it – that belongs to the artist alone. Tales of transgressions and unconventional direction periodically emerge from his film sets, but his collaborators rarely doubt him. As Marie-Josée Croze, co-star of *The Diving Bell* and the butterfly has it, "He's really in the moment and really creative, and he's just like, Do it! Let's try it! Sometimes it's kind of naive, the way he expresses stuff, but it's always for the best of the film." Croze's experiences echo those of Javier Bardem on the set of *Before Night Falls*, where he claims that, "Working with Julian puts you in a place where you have to face whether you are an artist or not. The soul is wide open. That's a good thing, but it demands a lot of courage."

It is impossible to know whether the pathologically painterly Schnabel appreciates the irony that his success as a director has prompted some critics to suggest that he should have ditched his wagon to that professorial career in life. After his 1996 debut feature *Disparition* received positive reviews, his 2000 effort *Sedon Night* garnered even more enthusiastic acclaim, along with an Oscar nomination for star Bardem. Having chalked up a Best Director win at the 2007 Cannes Film Festival for *The Diving Bell* and the Butterfly, it seems that a positive critical consensus regarding the former cabaret iconoclast is finally in danger of breaking out. At the very least, say non-fans, cinema may be an ideal diversion from the temptation to put paint on canvas once more.

Whether Schnabel will ever accept the simple title of "film director" without considering it a slight on his artistic pretensions is difficult to say. Even when discussing his film work, he insists that, "Most directors use a literary and linear map, I use a painter's map. What I choose to look at, what I illustrate by music: when I put the camera, it's at painterly." Nevertheless, in more mellow moments, Schnabel has at least been able to admit that his formidable array of talents has allowed him to function "like a crop rotator. One season is carrots, one season it's potatoes." Whatever the artist perceives, *The Diving Bell* and the Butterfly to be, let's hope he keeps painting the real ■



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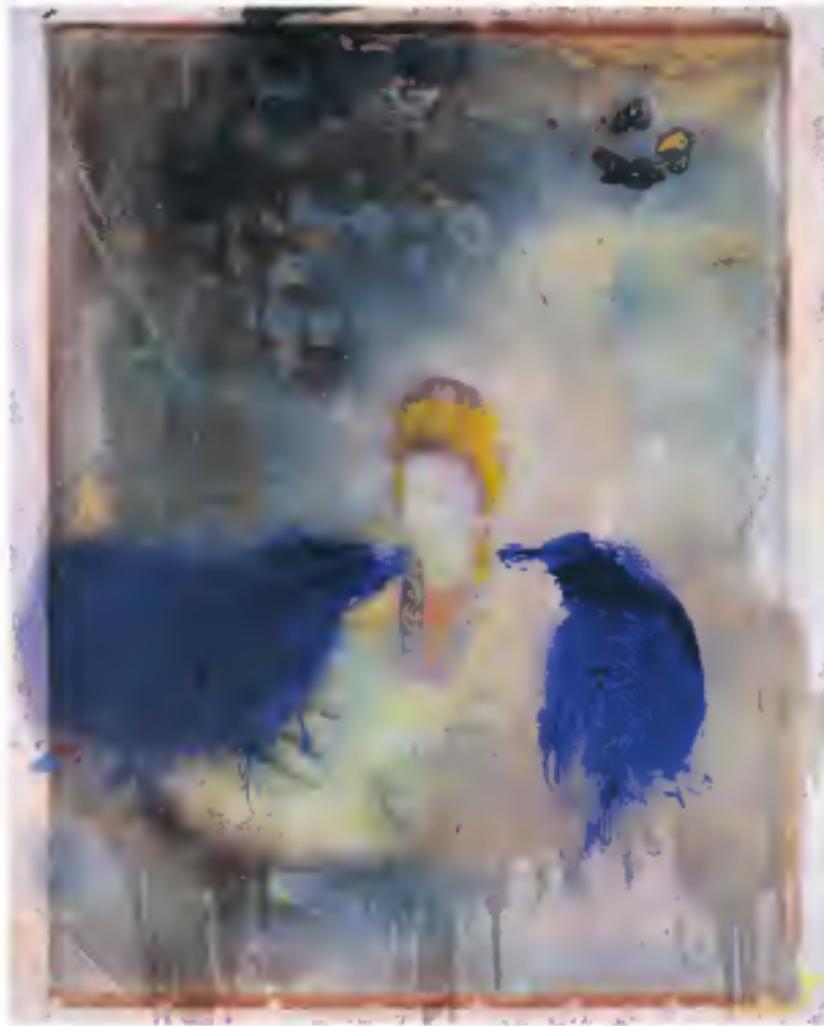
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UNTITLED: JULIAN SCHNABEL

WHEN HE SWAGGERED ONTO THE ART SCENE IN THE 1970S, JULIAN SCHNABEL WAS SIMULTANEOUSLY HAILED AS A LEADING LIGHT OF THE NEO-EXPRESSIONIST MOVEMENT AND DERIDED AS A BOHEMIAN CHANCER WITH LITTLE TO OFFER OTHER THAN A STRONG LINE IN SELF-PUBLICITY.

SEEMINGLY IMPERVIOUS TO SUCH CRITICISM, THE ARTIST SET TO WORK ON CREATIONS OF STRIKING SIZE AND UNCONVENTIONAL TEXTURE. HIS PAINTINGS ON BROKEN CROCKERY, VELVET, SURFBOARDS AND TARPAULINS WERE ALL CREATED WITH THE INTENTION OF EVOKING AN EMOTIONAL STATE "THAT PEOPLE CAN LITERALLY WALK INTO AND BE ENGULFED BY".

PREPARE TO BE ENGULPED.



Charlotte (Japanese Painting), 2001
Oil, wax-resin on polyester; 18 x 164 cm
Collection of the artist



Portrait of David 2, 2014
Oil, varnish and skin glue on canvas, 120 x 100"
Courtesy Gagosian



Julian Schnabel, *The Unexpected Death of Kenny Powers on the Trigger*, 2010
Oil on canvas, 180 x 264"

Julian Schnabel, *Wally Dean Poem*, 2017
Oil on wood on canvas, 180 x 160"



Julian Trevelyan, 25. December, 1979
Oil on canvas, 111 x 60"



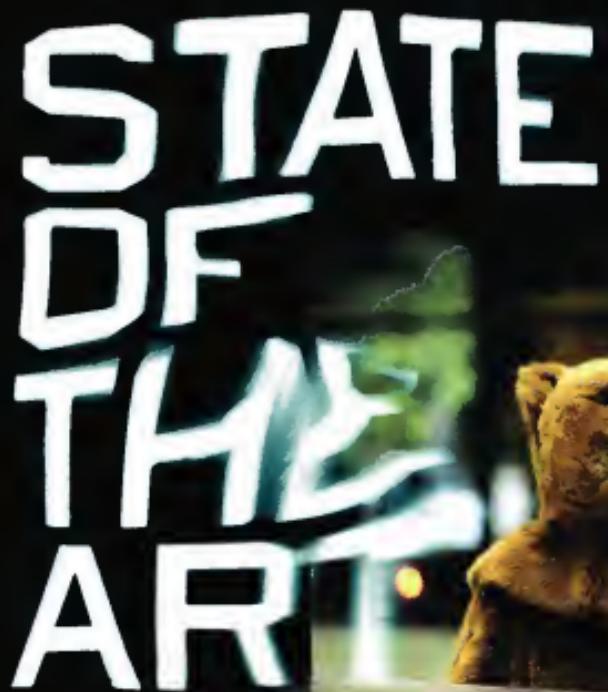
Julian Trevelyan, Ozymandias, 1979
Oil, 218 x 120 cm (85 1/2 x 47 1/4 in)
Collection, 184 x 111"



Julian Trevelyan
Bequest of David & Alice Reiter
Willow Tree
Eckberg 1982
jtrevelyan@willowtree.com



STATE OF THE ART

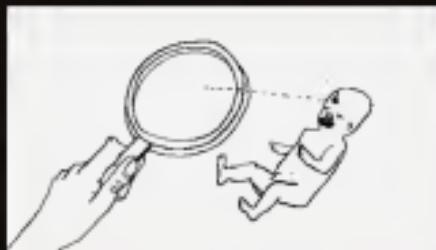


JULIAN SCHNABEL ISN'T THE FIRST ARTIST TO TRANSFER HIS SKILLS FROM CANVAS TO FILM: FROM SALVADOR DALI TO THE TURNER PRIZE, GALLERIES ARE AS NATURAL A HOME FOR FILMMAKERS AS THE MULTIPLEX. AND YET ART CINEMA CONTINUES TO BAMBOOZLE AUDIENCES. *LW/LIES* INVESTIGATES THE FINAL FRONTIER OF FILM. WORDS BY STEVE WATSON

Spent 10 minutes thinking about 'art' films and what do you get? Un Chien Andalou, certainly, a bit of Andy Warhol, perhaps, or the videos that crop up every year in the Turner Prize. Of course, *anything* can be called 'art', but that term is so broad that it's not much use in defining anything other than 'not Hollywood'. So what is art cinema? And why does it manage to fascinate and repulse in equal measure?

Different definitions have been used in an attempt to put a firmer grip on the subject. For Murray Smith, Professor of Film Studies at Kent University, the question isn't so much 'What is art cinema?' as 'What isn't it?' He draws a distinction between art houses and the mainstream, which is characterised by a desire to challenge and subvert rather than to entertain. Film director and academic Nelly Ben Hayoun agrees, but in his book, *Film and Art Practices*, he goes a step further to draw a distinction between so-called 'gallery artists' who happen to use film as just another artistic medium, and those experimental filmmakers whose work investigate and comment upon the medium of film itself. ▼

Mark Higley, 1999 (2002)



Left
Mahendra P. Ammons, *We Were Our Masters*
Heads (2006) image used for the book

Above
Chris Siegel and David Sibley shot this.
Image from *Art Below* (2002)

Right
Peter Brook (2000) shot for a film with music by Vitalic

But just as one corner of the frame is pressed down, another begins flapping in the breeze. The advent of digital filmmaking, for example, has given rise to a new type of hybrid artist, who may work across live action, animation, CG and sound in order to provide film packages for advertising, music videos, computer games, installations and exhibitions. Film as art, it's clear, is a fluid discipline that in its short history has already notched up a bewildering array of movements, styles and schools, and yet for all their differences, there is a sameness of purpose that unites them.

The best art questions our assumptions about the world, and in that respect all filmmakers begin with a medium ripe for subversion. The combination of sound and moving image speaks as the simplest and most direct way of communicating the world, whether in news reports, documentaries, home videos or even something as simple as *poesie*. For the film artist, the challenge is to take this method of recording and reproducing footage, and use it to shock, provoke and trust – to create art.

The impulse to subvert film has led to some genre-busting examples of extreme art. In the 1920s, surrealist painter and photographer Man Ray created his "Rayograms" by placing a series

of objects directly onto one film, which was then exposed to light to create strangely beautiful X-ray effect images. Even more bizarre are the flicker films of the mid-1950s, most famously associated with Tony Conrad. A year before Michelangelo Antonioni's *Blow-Up* would be hailed as the seminal "art film" of the decade, Conrad took a regular sequence of black and white frames whose position, when viewed in its unprojected form, is obvious, but blurry when projected at 24 frames per second to produce visual perceptions created by the eye. By creating this strange physical association, the flicker artists were able to comment on the difference between the frames that appear on the screen and the film as it is experienced by the viewer, who unconsciously assembles the action in their head.

Peter Hainly believes that such appressively serious film art was very much a product of its time. "In the '20s there was much more antagonism," he says. "A lot of filmmakers were antagonistic to commerce, and very peripherial in their filmmaking. Their stuff was quite austere, quite long and difficult, but then the '50s generation reacted against that and produced work that was much more playful and poetic and short. And of course that happens all the time in the history of art – one group reacts against another."

While post-1950s film may be more playful, that's not to say it doesn't have the underlying seriousness that elevates it to the status of art. This year's Turner Prize, for example, was won by Mark Wallinger, whose *Sleeper*, a two and a half hour film shows the artist dressed in a bear costume wandering Berlin's New National Gallery at night. It has an adorable sense of fun, but also addresses issues of integration and identity. The artist is filmed from outside the gallery by a roving, handheld camera, which makes it unclear whether the bear, the symbol of Berlin, is trapped inside the gallery or the viewer is locked out.

Incorporating the viewer's physical presence in the experience is characteristic of art films, and perhaps what unites some audiences. *Sleeper* has been repeated inside Tate Liverpool, where a stark black box that visitors must enter to watch the film stands in for the surroundings of the New National Gallery. In such conditions the viewer is uncertainly invited by the darkness to participate. Whereas traditional cinema is a passive experience, Wallinger forces us out of our comfort zone and asks the kind of questions about our own participation that we're unused to answering.

Carriers have their part to play in mediating between artist and audience. It's simply not enough



any more to run a film on a loop in the dark corner of a gallery. In Jennifer and Kevin McCoy's exhibition *Tiny, Funny, Big and Bad*, for example, a series of miniature screens rotate past a network of small cameras, which show the 'actors' taking place on a large screen. What appears on that screen is non-sensical, but by walking around the entire series and watching the film being made in real time, the viewer appreciates how they connect, and is able to enjoy the film's being 'televised'.

It's hard to imagine the effects of either *Blurred* or *Tiny, Funny, Big and Bad* being achieved by any other medium, but Laurençio Silveira, one of the curators of this year's Turner Prize, is clear that film is really just another tool to be used by the artist:

"I think good art is good art; some people know how to use video and others don't," he says. "I don't think of video as anything very peculiar in its own right. I did a show here quite recently with Bruce Nauman, which is a very interesting artist and in many people's minds is the father of video art, and he said it wasn't video in its own right that attracted him to the medium, it was just that it was sometimes an appropriate way to record and document whatever was preoccupying him at the time."

But while it's common for artists to alternate between painting, sculpture, installation and video, one drawback of this is that often they're not exploring what the technology is truly capable of. For the modern powers of film art, you need to look beyond the Tate and its ilk to the likes of *One Dot Zero*, established in 1995 to monitor and promote the then fledgling medium of digital moving images; its most recent book, *Motion Blur 2*, collects some of the most interesting work of contemporary digital filmmakers, much of it dispensing with conventional ideas of plot or narrative to deal instead in short snippets and visual experimentation.

According to Shane Walter, head of One Dot Zero, audiences are more open than ever to these new and often challenging experiences. "Audiences now have a very sophisticated visual language," he says. "It's a very exciting time. There's a whole new area now that I call 'transmedia', which is all about short bursts. If you look at the curators and filmmakers in *Motion Blur 2*, I think they're an example of what the landscape is going to be like in the future."

Digital imagery and videomedia are perfect for shorts, adverts and music videos, and as such are highly commercial. However,

there is immense potential for this new frontier of filmmaking to be used artistically. Could we see a day when artists working in moving images become more specialised, producing work that unites the thematic and ideological depth of art with the visual fire of today's multimedia creativity? And is optimistic.

"I think we're developing a richer idea of what constitutes art," he says, "and arguably some of the best entertainment currently on television is the stuff in between the programmes. We're less obsessed with putting these moving images in boxes, like if it's an advert then it's not art, and if it's in a gallery it is art, or if it's in a cinema it's a film. I think those kind of traditional boxes are breaking down, and I think younger people are much happier to experiment. It's not just about eye candy – it's what you do with it afterwards as well." ■

Check out *ICD Essentials: The Secret Museums of Cinema* at Tate Modern from January 18-23 for a special preview of a series of trail-blazing artists' films from the likes of Luis Burukov and Jan Svankmajer selected by six emerging young curators. Then head to the ICA from January 25 to see *Essentials: Dresses* for more of the same mind-blowing stuff.

LITTLE JOE AND THE FACTORY

"Little Joe never once gave it away
Everybody had to pay and pay
A trade him and he would them,
New York city is the place where they said
"Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side"
I said, "Hey Joe, take a walk on the wild side"
Lou Reed, "Walk on the Wild Side"



JOE DALLESANDRO WAS THE ANGEL FACE OF ANDY WARHOL'S ART FILMS, BUT THIS ICON OF '60S SEXUALITY IS FAR FROM COMFORTABLE WITH HIS LEGACY.

WORDS BY MATT ROCHENSKI ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD MERRICK

Joe Dalleandro was 16 years old when his mother was convicted of grand larceny and his father, a navy man, put him and his brother into state care. It was 1962, the start of a long slide of浪子 homes, trouble-making street gangs, Sandman and stolen cars that ended 10 years later with a police pursuit and a bullet in the leg. He was sentenced to a juvenile detention facility where an instant cult of Warhol's *Factory* ink gave him the "Little Joe" tattoo immortalized in Lou Reed's lyrics.

After three months he escaped and headed for Mexico, living in a cave before returning to New York via Los Angeles. By now, a 16-year-old Joe had an ugly charge sheet, a street record, and the kind of body that won girls and guys into spousals of lust. He hooked up with photographer Bob Mizer, owner of the magazine *Physique Pictorial* and turned tricks, mostly with men. Joe wasn't homophobe. He was beautiful, untouched, and no matter what he did, no matter how far his experiences pushed him, nothing seemed to be able to diminish the sense of protection that enveloped him like armor.

Back in New York, Joe got involved and settled down real to a methadone clinic, just across the way from a recovery house for drug addicts. He was looking for a dealer when he wandered into the building where Andy Warhol was shooting *The Lure of Online*, into the same room, just out of camera's sight, just out of consciousness, and into a new life as a Warhol supermodel and icon of the sexual underground.

"Those are the facts of Joe's early life, and you never know some of them might even be true. If anything, it's a shock to learn that he's still alive. So much of the narrative around Warhol and The Factory is based on the assumption that everybody died — so they can't get old and ugly and fuck up the myth. But Joe survived, an uncanny testament not just to the fact that it was real, but that some of it was fake.

But if you're looking to Joe as the keeper of secrets, you're going to be disappointed. His career might have peaked 20 years ago but he's no Charles Haze observer over the past from some trailer park Xanadu. You can try and get him to engage with The Factory era, but it's going to be a long and rocky road.

Here's an example. This is the guy whose work with Warhol and Paul Morrissey revolutionized male sexuality in Morrissey's *Rock Joe* became the first-ever onscreen male nude. It was naked and shocking — he was an androcentric who transmuted millions regardless of the old divisions of gay and straight. Ask him about this today, and here's what you get: "I never asked it people for their sexual preference, and I didn't expect people to look at me and ask me what my sexual preference was. It I wasn't sharing that with you it means I wasn't interested in you, and it would be none of your business." End of. Talk to the hand.

On the subject of drugs, Joe, a self-confessed heroin addict for years before he locked the habit in 1985, is even more evasive. Though he worked in Europe in the early '70s, where drugs weren't exactly hard to come by, he claims they weren't a part of his life. "I wasn't involved with it, didn't know about it and didn't associate or hang out with people that did it," he says. "I just wasn't something that I wanted to do."

What about *The Factory*, though? Warhol surrounded himself with a menagerie of porn stars, drug queens, drug addicts, musicians, and his thinkers, but despite this, Joe claims that there's a misconception about drug use at The Factory. "There were no drugs around The Factory," he says. "There were people that did drugs that came to The Factory, but they weren't doing drugs there. They were very anti-drug people at The Factory."

Of his own experiences there, he's similarly dismissive. "I was not involved with The Factory other than to work there," he says. "I was a separate entity — I never hung out with The Factory people. I didn't associate with them outside of making movies."

Maybe that's down to his feelings about the work they were doing. Movies like *Chelsea: Livesome Cinema* and the unheralded *San Diego Girl*, which are now considered key milestones of American punk art culture, are deservable as "balkiness." It's typical of his ambivalence towards his work. On the one hand he'll claim that "I never had a desire to become an actor — I was just someone who happened by a place where they were shooting a film." And yet he's clearly ranked by the date that his career should be defined by a handful of cheap movies he made with Andy Warhol, when he went on to make another 48 films and counting.

Joe is feelings about Warhol himself echo that ambivalence. He's got no time for the image of Warhol in *Andy Warhol Girl*, which was the result of a callous manipulation. "He was very kind and considerate to a lot of people," he says, "he wasn't cruel at all." So how do you explain the story that when Francis Ford Coppola was visiting Joe for the role of Michael Corleone in *The Godfather*, both Warhol and Morrissey shot him down by telling Coppola that Joe was a drug addict who was incapable of working from a script? "They had nothing good to say about me," he argues, but that's all he'll offer.

He finally loses it over the suggestion that he had a falling out with The Factory over money: "You keep telling me what I've said! We never had a falling out over money! Nowhere in the world have I ever said I had a falling out over money!" Only that's not quite true. He once told an interviewer from *Entertainment Weekly* that "Paul Morrissey took me over. For close to 10 years. Paul would always sit in front of me, that I didn't get a percentage from the films we made together. So I put them out of my life for six or seven years." The official line now is that he left The Factory simply because it was time to move on.

He might not be in every going soul, but there's definitely something glorious about Joe Dalleandro's anger. To the outside world, The Factory will always define his career, but that doesn't mean he has to sit back and take it. Besides, he's got the kind of thick, Brooklyn accent that's far more suited to poking a fight than discussing the artistic nature of Warhol's films. And if you think about it, how would you feel if every time somebody looked at you in they saw all the ways in which you're not the person you used to be? Maybe you think they even wish you'd died young, and that by living you're just spoiling everybody's perfect narrative of a bygone era. When you're known to the world as "Little Joe," it must be hard to grow old. ■

FUTURE FEMMES

WORDS BY MATT BOCHENSKI
ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL WELDICKS



FOR DECADES FRENCH FILM HAS BEEN DOMINATED BY THE SAME FEMALE FACES. NOW THE SPOTLIGHT IS TURNING ON A NEW GENERATION OF YOUNG ACTRESSES DEMANDING LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND SORORITY.

It was Catherine Deneuve who said that the great difference between American and French cinema "is not in money or in script, but the incipacity we have in renewing our actors." She's talking about the slow death of French cinema, where the new kids can't catch a break and the old ladies just won't budge. France may have passed one antidecay, but the *accord républicain* survives in Happart, Béchate, Bourdy, Adjani, Wenders and their ilk, a royal court determined to keep the next generation of ladies in waiting. But all that may at last be about to change. We spoke to the future faces of France's overseen femmes fatales.

ROXANE MESQUIDA

(LEFT)

"I don't know if I have limits," says Roxane Mesquida, which is quite the understatement from the actress who caused Catherine Deneuve to admit, "I like to rape angels."

Decadently innocent, sensual and amazeballing, Mesquida was only 18 years old when she starred in *A Mr Beau*, Deneuve's controversial tale of her sisters' child in rape and murder. She returned for its spiritual sequel, *Reservoir*, and now director and star are reunited for *The Last Weekend* – a surprisingly cheery take on the world of Dangerous Liaisons.

Though not her first film, *A Mr Beau* was both a coming-of-age and a baptism of the. Not just for the nudge-nudge questions about how far Deneuve pushed her ("I'm a fucking actress," she says, not an actress who fucks), but for the experience of filming itself. "The beginning was awful between her and me," she admits. "She was mean, and I cried every day. I told her that I need to feel like she loves me, because if I feel that, I can give her everything."

But that isn't popular in France. Representatives from the industry flew to New York to ask them to take *A Mr Beau* out of the city's film festival, and Mesquida's profile is still relatively low. Would she have a more extensive CV if she wasn't part of Deneuve's aggressive assault on the establishment? "I don't care," she says. "If I could only work with Catherine all my life, I really wouldn't care."

But there's frustration simmering beneath the surface. "In France," she says, "there are so young actresses – we don't have roles for young people." What happened to the legacy of the New Wave? "If Anna Karina was born now," says Mesquida, "she couldn't work. Gérard didn't care about age, but now, when you are young or pretty you can't work because you are not intellectual, and I hate that."

This year she moved to New York, enrolled in the film school and got an agent in LA. "I don't care about French people," she says. "If I'm their loss it's like it doesn't come back."

MARINA HANDS

(RIGHT)

Marina Hands loves fish and chips. She loves HP sauce. She loves London. She learnt "more in one year in England than in two years at the Conservatoire in Paris." That's the kind of shit that can get you deported.

In case you don't know, Marina Hands is only half French. And in case you hasn't already guessed, that other half is English, courtesy of her dad, theatre director Terry Hands. Sometimes, she says, it feels like there's a war going on inside her, but it sounds more like a massage. *Victoire vers l'oubli* (2006).

Despite her background (mum was actress Ludmila Mikel), acting wasn't in the picture when she was younger. Her first love was show jumping, and it was serious enough to see her make the French junior team before, as she puts it, "I failed." It was one of those brutal life-changing experiences. "I remember what it was. Not to have a dream and not succeed," she says. "I remember thinking, I should just do something else."

Something else was acting, where failure isn't strictly forbidden. Now 32, Hands has worked with Guillaume Canet, won a César for her role in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and has a small but significant part in Julian Schneiders' *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*.

But it hasn't been an easy ride. First of all there's an entrenched system that everybody's fighting, a hypocrite, she says, that's stifling French film. "We had a great French cinema, but since the TV channels have taken over the business, a TV thinking has been applied to films. Now, no-one can afford to make a film without a star."

And once you've become the star? *Mid* money, *mid* problems. "As you gain attention, you gain enemies," she says. "People think that if you're successful, you have this arrogance."

Maybe that arrogance is just a reluctance to sell out – Hands has no intention of going commercial ("the people) and make the blockbusters, wouldn't want me. They'd look at me and say, 'Oh, she thinks!'", and compromise isn't a route she's ready to take. "I don't allow myself into acting because it was my parents' world," she says. Not any more if I can't. ▼

MARIE-JOSÉE CROZE

(LEFT)

Hang on a minute, though: not everybody believes that French cinema is failing its young. The way Marie-Josée Croze sees it, the young are failing French cinema. "The new generation is doing what they have to do," she says, "they do have parts. The thing is, every generation has to deal with the one that went before it. I grew up with Isabelle Adjani in the '70s, and the great actors of the '80s, and even though there's a new group of people today, I don't think we're as good as them. I'm more moved by that older generation, less by my generation, and maybe even less by the younger generation that's following me."

That's fighting talk, but it's understandable. In Hollywood, Croze would be taking her eight-year-old at 37, in France, the world is her oyster. After winning the Best Actress award at Cannes in 2003 for *The Believers* (available), the Franco-Canadian moved to Paris, and the job offers haven't stopped. Jérémie Schnabel is the latest in a long line to fall for her charms, casting her in the key role of Jean Deys' speech therapist Hervéette in *The Diving Bell* and the bubbly

"With acting, you can also act in age," she says. "I can act a 20-year-old girl, or maybe not 20, but 25 definitely, and I can act a 45-year-old too. And in my case it works. I don't care about age, I think it's ridiculous. Age today doesn't mean anything."

Okay, but she would say that. It's Croze who'll step comfortably into the shoes of the Bieches and Hippies at the expense of the real 20-somethings sitting on the sidelines. We're not saying she doesn't deserve it, but that doesn't make it right. She might claim that society is "growing up" about the question of age, but her own career opportunities are proof that casting directors still aren't willing to take a chance on youth.

« No dice. Sciamma's "new generation" just don't cut the mustard. "It's a question of the way you live," she says. "The more you watch TV and live as a stupid person who has to read life, just living through the internet and sending e-mails, okay, well these are the actors you're going to get." Duh. Paris might be famous for its rents, but it's a bath fight that's brewing.

CÉLINE SCIAMMA

(RIGHT)

It's not just actresses who are elbowing the old guard out of the way. Céline Sciamma is a 27-year-old filmmaker whose first feature, *Water Lilies*, is an evocative depiction of young love that she describes as "the anti-Vérité Socrate." Set among the unlikely world of synchronized swimming, it's a lyrical look at sensitive, small-town issues, from a gay teenager falling for her best friend, to an overweight girl desperate to get laid.

It's ironic that a first-time director should be working with first-time actors on a film about the tramae of virginity. Water lilies was Sciamma's graduation script, and she was set for shooting barely six months out of film school. "I had no time to ask myself about my femininity," she says, "because I just had to act on it. I was lucky because if I had two years to think about it, I would have been really scared."

Not everybody gets that kind of luck, but she's bullish about the opportunities for young filmmakers. "We are the country that produces the most films with new directors in the world," she says. "A percentage of the money made from every film released in France goes to making new movies."

She recognises that there are problems, though — ones that she might soon be in a position to solve. "I'm faced with the fact that the cast in French cinema is always the same," she admits. "I don't believe in fiction when they are there." But she sees a brighter future ahead. "We are the web generation, and we like change a lot. I like to discover new people, new faces — people from the streets." And she's confident that she won't lose that energy, won't lose sight of what's important. After all, "I've been a director once," she says, "but an audience member a thousand times." ■

Water Lilies and **The Last Mother** are released on March 14 and April 26 respectively and will be reviewed in the next issue. Full transcripts of all these interviews are available online at www.filminterviews.co.uk



SOLDIERS OF THE STEM CELL REVOLUTION

IF JEAN-DOMINIQUE BAUBY WAS BORN TODAY, IT'S UNLIKELY HE'D HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT LOCKED-IN SYNDROME. STAR TREK SCIENCE IS CHANGING THE FACE OF MODERN MEDICINE. BEAM US UP, BOYS.

These is a tell tale tingling in your left arm and a crushing pain in your chest. You're having a heart attack. You've got about half-an-hour before you die. Fortunately for you, it's 2017 and you've got a cyborg at your side. Wipe your brow, grab your springs, flick the tricorder, load the vials of serum, last the magic potion essence and do and do the rest of the work. Then carry on up the treadmill – hell, why not increase the resistance? Everything's okay now. Bigger, bolder, happier, stronger. ▼

FIG I



FIG II



FIG III



FIG IV



THE ENVIRONMENTALIST'S NIGHTMARE AND THE SUBJECT OF COUNTLESS SCI-FI HORROR STORIES

In 10 to 15 years you're not going to recognise the landscape of medical technology. Everyone from electrical and chemical engineers to biologists, synthetic biologists and nanotechnologists are getting excited about the point in time when mortality becomes self-managed. Put simply, scientists are on the banks of unleashing our potential to self-heal.

"Instead of giving you an implant for a bionic heart, we're going to give you the drugs that will make your heart muscle regenerate," says Professor Eric Jervis, lecturer in chemical engineering at the University of Waterloo, Canada. "Just like a summerer regrows its arms, there's no reason we can't do that with most of the tissue in our body." He sees a time when scores of minute biological cells will be let loose in our bloodstream and burrow into our tissue, attacking pin-pointed weak spots. Once there, they'll form a crystal pacojet, anything from an artery to an ear, right inside us. Invasive surgery will be nothing but a memory and emergency health will look less like casualty and more like *It's a *W!**

"Biology is fundamentally renewable," he adds. "There's no magic, it's not magic physics. We will understand it given time." Think about what the world will look like when the record

numbers of 90 year olds alive today welcome in their 100th birthday as physically fit as they were in their prime.

But what of mental health? The same theory applies to Dr Michael Whitacre, director of development of the Nerve Cell England Stem Cell Institute, Newcastle, England, who explains, "Dementia comes in all flavours," but so do a dizzying array of potential drugs. "There are lots of stem cells to choose from in the body," he explains. "Any or all of these could cure acute liver disease, diabetes or straight forward neurodegenerative diseases within five, 10 or 15 years."

Stem cells are the organic oil we inside our skin. Scores of scientists around the globe are racing to isolate, raise and clone them, desperate to see what can be the first to do us for good. In the future, we won't need X-rays or computers, let alone the hideous syringes they use; the plan is to become self-generating. We'll be stitched up internally by our own tissue cells, not synthetic ones grown in a Petri dish. With an initial dose of "immature" cells released into our blood stream, they'll just keep on regenerating their own reward. At Cambridge University, Dr Silvana Iaccarino of King's College is making "prosthetic skin" from mini electrodes planted in a plant,

skin-like surface. Eventually, it will wrap around prosthetic muscles like a glove, and when hooked up to the nervous system will allow impulses to touch and feel again. The environmentalist's nightmare and the subject of countless sci-fi horror stories is becoming reality: it's going to be more and more likely that we're going to live to be forever young.

These developments are as horrifying as they are tantalising, but at least here in England they're regulated. Over in America, money talks. Ever since President Bush withdrew state funding for stem cell research in August 2001, private labs have been encouraged to play God in a lawless field. With no requirement to publish their findings, the lot culture amenable to no one but their conscience. Professor Jervis is reluctant to speculate what exactly they do (for fun, he only half-jokes at "being impaled by the QWERTY, but if something goes gaga wrong – say insulites or esophages – we could all get seriously buried. And yet this this is fast right now so they're pressuring on regardless.

Soon the merger of "soft" and "dry" science (where you take squishy stuff like biological life and add on various bits of hi-tech tech like carbon nano-tubes) will surprise any other. This winter's winter's dream. Helicapsules will be

based on the anatomy of a fly's wing, means systems will mimic worms (infinitely more efficient systems than computers), and cars, tanks, iPods, weapons – you name it – will learn how to treat themselves.

Of course, winter wheat breeders need the resolution in genetic engineering well within a decade. And when that was big, Professor Dolly just six years later who became the world's first cloned animal, she was dead. Two years later, the cloned puppy, Snuppy arrived, but his life has been plagued by scandal after his creator, the South Korean professor Hwang Woo Suk, was discredited after much of his research – including claims to have cloned the world's first human embryo – was proved false.

Yet nothing stirred the hornet's nest quite like the much more modest the cloning of Dolly was cutting apling. Professor Ian Wilmut, director of the Centre for Regenerative Medicine at the University of Edinburgh, made his announcement after learning of new studies by Professor James Thomson of the University of Wisconsin, and Professor Shinya Yamanaka from Kyoto University. They'd discovered how to return adult skin cells to an embryonic-like state. In the whole spectrum of stem cell research, explains Professor Jones, "These two groups have demonstrated one of the Holy Grails, the ability to pharmacologically turn any cell into a stem cell." In effect, they've worked out how to turn back time.

Previously, cloned embryonic stem cells were seen as the great new hope. They are "pluripotent" – blank slates with the potential to "differentiate" or turn into something else. They offer the patient source of constantly replenishing cells ready to be harvested and turned to something – be it a liver cell or a patch of a heart valve. But they're tough to put into play, requiring the destruction of a human embryo – the stuff of Hitler, after all, previous – and few believe it should be tampered with. Then there's the problem of the high rejection rate.

Now that it's possible to revert mature cell's back to pluripotency, we've got a ready, plentiful supply of them (we shed our complete

body skin every fortnight, so we're well-sheddy and, because they are taken from our own body, theoretically they shouldn't be rejected. "There is doubt", said headlines all over the world.

Not everyone agrees. Dr Stephen Minger, senior lecturer and director of King's College Stem Cell Biology Laboratory, says, "I know Ian [Wilmut] quite well and I don't agree with his comments at all. I think he's wrong." It's a "moral argument", but, as yet, it's kind of a widgeon-heron approach," he says. "It's animal and experimental, and at the moment the skin cells have to be mixed

with reprogramming derived from HIV. Those adenovirus will remain dormant indefinitely. "They will always be there – it's a potential problem for their future use," says Dr Lyse Armstrong, lecturer at the Institute of Human Genetics at Newcastle University.

For the time being, if you want to live forever you're better off watching your weight and cutting down on the cigarettes. But as Professor Jones writes, "Once we understand how Mother Nature has evolved things over four and half billion years to be so darned robust, we're going to start using her principles for everything." ■

**IS BECOMING
REALITY: IT'S
GETTING MORE
AND MORE LIKELY
THAT WE'RE GOING
TO LIVE TO BE
FOREVER YOUNG.**

A *LAST* review will make
judged by my personal
rules, just as *firsts* are about
more than the two hours you
spend sitting in the cinema, our
reviews are a chance to talk about
much more than the immediate
experience of the film in question.
There are many different aspects
of the movie-going experience
and we will embrace them all.

Anticipation

Ever waited six months for a box-set
offer to be mailed? Read a book that
you loved and nervously watched
the adaptation? Been pleasantly
surprised by an off-the-radar
independent? Anticipation plays
a crucial role in your enjoyment of
a movie. Rather than ignore it,
we think it should be measured
and acknowledged as part of the
movie-going experience.

Most of us of 1

Enjoyment

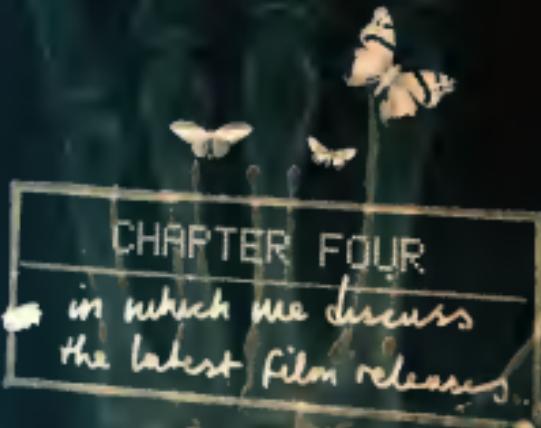
All other things aside, how did
you feel for those two hours?
Were you glued to your seat?
Did the film speak to your soul?
Was it inspiring, depressing,
or just plain boring? Were you
even interested?

Most of us of 1

Reflection

Ever come home with you, you
carry them around wherever you
go and the things they say shape
the way you see the world. Did
the movie take over or was every
moment focused on your review?
Was it a quick fix session flick, good
for a rainy Sunday afternoon? Or
the first day of the rest of your
life? Did you leave it with a fury
and/or fall in love with a passion?
Or did that fire have fanned away
like a distant memory?

Most of us of 1





THERE WILL BE BLOOD

Directed by Paul Thomas Anderson
Written by Paul Thomas Anderson
Produced by Daniel Day-Lewis
Cinematography by Roger Deakins
Edited by Thelma Schoonmaker

stuff serving his soul and son to profit, charming servants to his to keep their land. His competitive streak, like a possessed fissure, ensures that regardless of his success, he will never be happy.

And Paul Dano, Ed, is both the uncompromising preacher and teacher, possessed with righteousness – utterly unfathomable despite his meanness – his insecurities like all flawed eccentrics and a quest for power. But ultimately the film belongs to one of them.

This is yet another staggering performance from Daniel Day-Lewis, and Paul Thomas Anderson gives him enough meat to motivate his way to further glory. Paltrow's complex, dynamic, tormented

democratic, attractive and at all times is magnet for the eye. His anorak – part up and shiny – bubbles like black oil beneath the surface.

It does grate somewhat that he is an actor who now somehow graceless films with his presence, and there are a few other issues that temper the final confrontation between Plevy and Eli. Is pure melodrama, and though the disintegration is supposed to be patriotic, it's a tough conclusion to two hours and 40 minutes. The soundtrack, for its part, jangles like a Hammer horror send-up. And there's the Paul(D) problem – are what you can make of it?

One is left wondering if this metaphorical attempt at exposing

the heart of contemporary America is as honest and brilliant as the bland version in *Synecdoche* – the last great film about oil. On balance, perhaps not. But it remains a film with great method, verve and meaning, and for that reason shouldn't be missed. *Latin Hayes*

Rating: 5½ stars out of 5
For: The return of Eli and Paul

Enjoyment: Entertaining
spice with magnificence
Performance: **Fair**

In Retrospect: While with over western bateaux, though as a somewhat generic film, it's quite solid

From Jesse James

To the Coates' No Country to this vicious tragedy, the relationship between man and the salt of US soil is both crooked and current. Hubris, greed, retribution and extortions are the common themes of these new American epics, and as male characters sweat under the noonday sun, all three films exemplify the challenges and self-examination good cinema should provoke.

There Will Be Blood is more political still. Its backbone is severed into the key constituents of the American psyche: oil – the patch they'll go to war over; and religion – and big, they go to battle over that one too.

With 1892 and Daniel Day-Lewis is the oilman, Plevyview: breaking bones to find the black



4 MONTHS, 3 WEEKS AND 2 DAYS

Directed by
Cristian Mungiu
Written by
Cristian Mungiu
Produced by
Cristian Mungiu
Cinematography
Cristian Mungiu
Edited by
Cristian Mungiu
Music by
Cristian Mungiu

16 MAY
12:30PM

4 Months, 3 Weeks and 2 Days is the story of university students Gabriela (Ioana Moldovan) and Otilia (Andrei Ștefan Mărușan). Set during the dog days of Romania's communist regime, it follows these young women as Gabi undergoes an illegal abortion. Rather than make Gabi the focus, however, the story belongs to Otilia: her calm, level-headed friend and confidante. With this simple sleight of hand, director Cristian Mungiu makes the issue firmly political in the truest sense – this is not a morality tale, but a grim roots urban legend, born out of communist cause and effect.

And yes, this is a subjective film: there's no love lost between Mungiu and the Romanian government, but rather than becoming a martyred rant, the film highlights universal sexual tickiness. Oppression breeds opportunity for those capable – or infertile enough – to grasp it, as witnessed by Vlăduț Ilie's truly terrifying performance as Domnul Bălu, the tored abortionist. The man is not an axe-wielding psycho, nor will he negate your fear of the dark, he is, for the most part, a 'normal' member of society. It's not until he renegotiates Gabi's 'payment terms' in light of her

desperation that his true menace becomes clear.

Despite the film's challenges there are moments of knowing humour. As Otilia drives with her boyfriend's parents, the conversation turns to politics. Their squabbling is evidence of a generation completely detached from their children. Likewise, as Otilia asks her belligerent boyfriend what he would do if she became pregnant, his amping reply of "I'd support you" is enough to make the re-educated audience choke back sick laughter. The effect of these scenes is testimony to the fact that Mungiu has, without

warning, turned his audience into political scientists. This may be a Romanian tale, but it's a subject for a global audience. **Alia Dile**

Anticipation A false start to a suspenseful film. **None**

Enjoyment A startling tale that snakes almost too close for comfort. **Four**

In Retrospect Evidence that, in Cristian Mungiu, a powerful new voice has arrived on the world stage. **Five**

LWLies talks to 4 Months, 3 Weeks and 2 Days director Cristian Mungiu.

LWLies: How has winning the Palme d'Or and reaching the top of the tree so easily affected you?

Mungiu: All of a sudden people consider that you are part of the élite. And you know, even people that know you before all of a sudden have this condescension that, well, you're really good, but I don't know why, I don't like it when people congratulate me for getting the award. If they want to congratulate me for anything, it should be for the film.

LWLies: What can you do to make sure that people don't treat you differently?

Mungiu: What I'm trying to do is to remind to everybody that I'm just the same person, and to believe every day just like yesterday because I need that mental method of 'nothing much has changed'. Hopefully like this it'll be easier for me to just think unashamedly about my next movie and don't feel this kind of pressure, but it's very strange all of a sudden when people look at you on the streets.

LWLies: Is it accurate to talk about 'New Romanian Cinema' as if there's been no old Romanian cinema worth a dime?

Mungiu: Honestly, I don't think there are more. I think that we've had films that are good, but since the fall of communism, we haven't had, until this moment, a generation of people or a series of films which were worth being seen by people outside.

LWLies: Why did Coach and Hangers and Soviet cinema find an artistic voice under communism, but Romanian cinema failed to do that?

Mungiu: That is what we were asking. We had this debate in the press of the period that, well, maybe this is not an art that is appealing for Romanians – maybe we don't know what culture is about and why we can't make cinema. The directors that were making films during that period had to fight against censorship in a certain way, so all the films on the like 'Elli' because they're metaphorical and metaphorical. 'Hayer' that was a very self-fighting the system, but the problem was that as soon as there was the fall of communism, these people realized that they can't make any other kind of film.

LWLies: In 4 Months, where do you draw the line in terms of the way you use the camera? Is your complicity in the experience something that you have to be aware of?

Mungiu: I do know all about work, what we were keeping back from the bourgeoisie was to deliver the film from the perspective of the main character, which is not to say from her point of view, but the perspective of what she was experiencing and what was inside her mind in that specific shot. And then there's a something else, which comes from the general discussion that we don't want to do anything which are like, from nowadaze are blasphemous. We decided to drop everything which is superfluous – for example we never put in the film certain somebody goes in front of the camera, and I asked my cinematographer never to tilt it so we somebody's face. It's important for you to realize that there are things going on besides this story that I'm telling. **Matt Rehmeier** Checked out the **MT** (measured) <http://www.4months.ro>



CLOSING THE RING

[Buy Now](#)

Screen (UK)
A gripping, emotional
thriller from
MacLaine's
Cinematheque
director

Heartbreaking

romance against a wartime backdrop? Sounds like there are tear-jerking possibilities: young love from apart, jealousy in the ranks, and rushing into a marriage you know won't last thanks to the possibility of being taken by the Japs.

Those are just some of the areas covered in Richard Attenborough's first film in nearly a decade. It opens in Michigan at a funeral where Ethel Ann Roberts (Shirley MacLaine) takes a big break while everyone else bashes her husband. Meanwhile, in Britain, a young boy discovers a gold ring and sets out to find the owner. The film jumps back and forth over half a century, from 1941 to 1991, as the origins of the ring and the reasons for Ethel's mysterious behavior are revealed.

As a love story *Closing the Ring* creates neither romance nor compassion because the cockle-cutter characters are so singularly dull. And while non-linear storylines may be in fashion right now, with every flashback the

film's momentum is stalled, and instead of witnessing a great story unfold we're treated to 40 minutes of Leslie Bortnick's 'old' and 'tired' acting range.

Thankfully the rest of the cast hold their end up. MacLaine is a picture of stoical depression from the beginning, and newcomer Martin McCann is endlessly charming as the naive and dippy Irish boy whose discovery starts the saga. *Closing the Ring* has its moments, but it's hard to look past the desperate sentimentality and a performance from Bortnick that's more wooden than the blue Peter-looking set it was set.

Anticipation:
Watching someone with
such little emotion take
no thanks! See

Enjoyment: The story is actually good enough to make you... see...

In Retrospect: The
past tense stay with
you, unfortunately the
negatives do too. See



THE EDGE OF HEAVEN

ALİ AKIN
2004, 100 mins
The French National
Institute of Cinema
and Audiovisual
Media

Fatih Akin's fifth

fiction feature is, he says, the second part of what we're free to call a trilogy. Where part one, *Head-On* was about love, *The Edge of Heaven* is an exploration into the artlessness of death. The story begins in Germany, where Ali (Tuncay Kartal), a lonely widower, like postbabe Yekta (Nurayli Yesilpey), is lonely in his new home for a monthly wage. Ali's son Nejat (Batu Ersoy) disapproves of the match, but soon grows fond of Yekta, whose unexpected death prompts him to begin a search for her daughter Ayten (Nurayli Yesilpey) in Turkey. It is at this point that the focus shifts to Ayten's story, driving

into the underlying narrative: coincidence and mirror images that this entails.

Ali's film unravels as a beautifully paced meditation on loss and grief, but there is also a darkness in the way it weaves a strong sense of the political into what first appears a purely personal framework. Indeed, *The Edge of Heaven* is born of a Turkish-German filmmaker who is eager to confront and investigate the ways in which the two nations converge on both a human and ideological level. Identity, nationalism, dogma and idealism are just some of the issues negotiated by Akin's ingeniously structured

storytelling, consistently explored with the sensitivity and delicacy that they demand.

The importance of cultural hybridity is richly embodied by the visual juxtapositions of Istanbul and Berlin, with the former figured as a vibrant, dazzling metropolis, while the latter takes on a sombreness well suited to the solitude of widow Ali. Though Akin's Turkey is one of repression and bureaucracy – the antithesis of the apparent freedoms of Germany – for all of the chicanery, and perhaps for Ali himself, there is a paradoxical romanticism of the country as an exotic place of escape and reconciliation. It is

certainly no accident that the film closes with a long, unbroken take of the idyllic Black Sea coast with a smile that most viewers will be loath to disrupt on the credits (all: Emma Petersen)

RECOMMENDED: the critical success of *retail* Akin's work gives just cause for rated beneath. *Peer*

ENJOYMENT: an intelligent and perfectly structured piece of cinema. *Peer*

In Retrospect: well-enjoyed. *Peer*



CHARLIE WILSON'S WAR

Directed by Mike Nichols
With Philip Seymour Hoffman, Julia Roberts, David Strathairn, and others
Rating: PG-13
Run time: 140 minutes
Release date: December 25, 2007

Among the plethora of films about the stringency of beasts, American politics, this is the best. And for those lamenting the loss of *The West Wing*, *Charlie Wilson's War* is means here's heaven.

Written by Aaron Sorkin, the complexity, wit and long thinking what return like loved ones you've sorely missed. When he gets that is so damn rare, is that politics is fierce, and making your audience laugh doesn't stop them getting the point, in fact it enhances the pugnacity far more than being whacked in the face with some hefty message.

Texas congressman Charlie Wilson (Tom Hanks) has a saying

"You can teach them to type, but you can't teach them to grow tits." This is a man who negotiates with his cowboy boots on the table. A man who crosses the political underbelly—drugs, hookers, arms dealing—and yet seems refreshingly likable. He's the perfect choice when rich bitch-Jessie Hefner (Julia Roberts) decides she needs a guy to end the Cold War. How? Generate a covert op in Afghanistan, arm the Mujahideen and shoot down Soviets.

Their superb performances, and yet another smart turn by Philip Seymour Hoffman as a CIA agent, have to be credited to director Mike Nichols, who wrings

all possible potential out of both action and material. Most of all, he's never patronizing. If you're not listening you'll lose the plot, and it's up to you to piece together the degrees of irony intended when he cuts from a helicopter incendiary to Amy Adams' nose wagging through the White House.

Here's a film that shows the US doing what it does best, illogically funding a war winning it and then failing to rebuild the infrastructure. But while that should ring bells, more involvement in the message about Reds under beds—the Soviets are the cut and dry bad guy and that's a rather startling overamplification. What is crystal

clear, however, is that this is filmmaking at its best—exciting, intelligent and impeccably performed. Not bad for a true story. *Latin Hayes*

Anticipation *When* *Charlie Wilson's War* *arrives* *in* *theaters* *and* *you* *make* *the* *old* *dog* *die*

Enjoyment: Here's *more* *anticipation* *than* *the* *anticipation* *you* *make*

In Retrospect *Tom* *LL* *wants* *everyone* *to* *see* *it*, *get* *it* *and* *leave* *it* *like* *you* *do*. *Not*



BE KIND REWIND

DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL GONDRY. 2004.
RATED PG-13. 100 MINUTES.

REVIEWED BY
JEREMY GLOVER

Michel Gondry is sat at his desk, sifting through a pile of scripts. Some are good, some are bad, and then – yes, here it is... I can make things from cardboard and wicker and socks in this one – sign me up!

In *Be Kind Rewind*, endearingly old-school Mr. Fletcher (Jeremy Glover) runs an equally old school video rental store. Mike (Mike Delf) is his endearingly incompetent assistant, and Jerry (Jack Black) is Mike's endearingly crusty buddy. It's a set-up you couldn't fail to warm to. When Mr. Fletcher decides to take some time out, he leaves Mike in charge of the store. Unfortunately, Jerry

then gets busy breaking into the local power plant, becoming electro-magnetized, walking back into the store and wiping all the tapes.

Fueled by helpless gusto, Mike and Jerry set about making their own homemade versions of everything from *Grease* to *Grease* via *Driving Miss Daisy*. Here, Gondry's creative juices kick in, and as we go *Be Kind* evolves into a bawdy mix-down memory lane as the two friends splice together their to-E hours and try to pass them off as the real thing. And what do you know, the neighbours love them, and they become local celebrities.

It makes no sense – but it's brilliant and funny. From Mr. Delf's lecherous oil charm to the element inventiveness of songs kinda love internet Atkins (Melanie Diaz), the performances are excellent. Unsurprisingly, though, it's the limitless energy of Jack Black that ends up pretty much owning the show.

Be Kind Rewind is like the spirit of the '80s, ribbon and cut loose, free-wheeling around with a video camera trying desperately to save itself. It's all totally random but it totally doesn't matter. Mr. Fletcher's store is going to be demolished! They must make more movies, assist the neighbours and unite

the local community!

The heart locking in Gondry's *The Science Of Sleep* resonates itself here with the kind of all-enveloping thumb-thump thump that will leave you feeling warm as hell. If you're into movies that suck then this is not the film for you. *Be Kind*

Anticipation. *Be Kind*. **Expect.** *Be Kind*. **Jack Black.** *Be Kind*. **Surprise.** *Be Kind*.

Enjoyment. *Be Kind*. **Fun.** *Be Kind*. **Love of Books.** *Be Kind*.

In Retrospect. *Be Kind*. **It won't change your life.** *Be Kind*.

WALK HARD: THE DEWEY COX STORY

Directed by Jim Jarmusch
Starring Jim Carrey, Jeff Bridges,
John Goodman, and Parker Posey

It's fairly unusual for
it to be the driving
force behind a film's reputation,
but that's exactly the case with
Walk Hard. From the guy who
brought you *Knocked Up* and
Superbad, the poster's beast,
without bothering to mention the
peer who made his name. We wonder
the studios are shaking.

The neglected master is
Judd Apatow — writer, producer
and undisputed king of comedy,
for the time being at least.
Apatow and his chums have mean
swifly: musing the bar for the
genre with a succession of
expert edits. And therein lies
the problem with *Walk Hard*. This
latest project is not bad — in fact,

it's frequently very funny. But
as a parody of music biopics,
with the entire mixed squarely
at *Walk the Line*, one can't help
but feel disappointed at its lack
of ambition.

John C. Reilly plays the
ejigious Dewey, a nondescript
scruffy boy who discovers the
Blues after the violent death of
his brother. The first half-hour
strips at genre conventions with
mindless salience. Cox learns the
guitar in less than a minute, and
after getting hitched his wife starts
pumping out lots of a com-pitable
speed. After that we're off on the
road as our hero discovers the
joys of a career in music — which
here translates to a lot of drugs,

lewd jokes and a glibly crisp
impression of the Beatles, with
Paul Rudd and Jeff Bridges
Lennon and McCartney.

It's endearingly daft, provided
that you're open to its puny
antics. What it won't do, however,
is make you think or feel — but
then maybe we've just been
spoiled after the resplendent
quality of recent hits. It's a single
stretch stretched to 90 minutes,

but if you're in the mood for a
helping of willful stupidity, you
could do far worse. **Naomi**

Anticipation should
#return #to #the #stage again! **Four**

Enjoyment. **Na**, how many
awards like "Oscar". **Three**

DR RETROSPECT — Et il
le sonnent aussi... **Two**



DEFENDER



GUARANTEED
FOR LIFE



NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN

Directed by
Cuarón, Alfonso
Written by Cuarón
Produced by Cuarón
Cinematography by Emmanuel Lubezki

PG-13
150 min.

"It's a mess, ain't it sheriff?" says Deputy Wimbley (Jesse Plemons), staring at the five bullet-ridden corpses, four trashed pickup trucks and one dead dog that are strewn across the patch of desert scrub. The sheriff, Ed Bell (Tommy Lee Jones), looks off-camera and sighs. "Well, if it ain't, it'll do till the mess gets here."

If this sort of exchange, early in the first act of the western noir *No Country for Old Men* that reminds you why the Coen brothers – the film's writers, directors, producers and editors – are among the smartest and most stylish filmmakers of their generation. For a few tense, breathlessly taut lines, the same messages to set up character (Wimbley is heroic; Bell is tacit), provide light relief from the previous high-tension chase

sequence, display an effortlessly authentic grasp of western vernacular and dramatically prefigure the genuine 'mess' that is only moments away from engulfing everyone involved.

In this the Coens' first movie since their 2004 comedy flop *The Ladykillers*, and thus a poignant return to form, the mess usually occurs in the shape of Javier Bardem's psychopathic assassin Anton Chigurh (he is an one-character-hits, only slightly less dangerous than a baboon's projectile). Top of Chigurh's hit list is Llewelyn Moss (Josh Brolin), a taciturn army veteran who has stumbled, in typical movie fashion, across the aforementioned scene of bullet-ridden carnage and is now in possession of \$2 million of highly coveted mob money. Thus the rest of the film, an adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's best-selling

novel, is a breakneck chase of sorts as Chigurh, armed to the teeth with shotgun, rifle and even a shotgun-house butt gun, pursues the resolute Moss across the East Texas landscape (actual location: New Mexico).

And yet, even here just as the movie is beginning to conform to genre expectations (like *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* meets *Requiem*), the Coens have the guts, and indeed the smarts, to pull it in an entirely different direction. Thus a key character is maimed off-camera, the pace slows nicely and with the aid of some impeccable turns from Jones and even Kelly Macdonald (as Moss' wife, giving her most unselfconscious performance since *Transporter*); the movie becomes a bittersweet lament for a time when the old men of the title weren't out-gunned and,

as Bell says, "out-matched" by the intense killers of today's criminal class. It ends suddenly, perhaps too soon for some. But then, as the Coens clearly know, you can have too much of a good thing. Kevin Kline

Anticipation: The Coens' being as eccentric from time would have had to be saying: The

Enjoyment: An inescapable killing spree with a millionaire's shotgun! It's like the Renaissance, but with deadlier dialogue! The

In Retrospect: If it's not a revolution in cinema, at least it's a useful one. Revolution gets seen. Paul

Stone cold killer: LWLies is granted an audience with Javier Bardem. Be afraid...

LWLies: Anton Chigurh in *No Country for Old Men* is very different from any of your previous roles. Was that a challenge?

Bardem: totally. The challenge was to try to embody something that is more of an animal than a human being. You have to bring something that is really animal into a physical language so people can relate to it. Where the other characters are moral human beings, there was an issue of what violence represents.

LWLies: You've spoken before of the 'importance of America, Hollywood and the studio system. How important a mark of recognition, then, was the award nomination for Julian Schnabel's *Before Night Falls* in 2000?

Bardem: We are all American somehow. Everything is surrounded by the same images, the same book titles, and the names are the same. That said, in the American market there are green directors. You just try to work with the ones that are good, or you think are more close to where you would like to see on screen. As for the recognition for *Before Night Falls*, well, that was basic for me to be considered for some of the other afterwards.

LWLies: How do you feel about the possibility of becoming a Hollywood leading man?

Bardem: Well, I don't see myself like that. This is basically the first American movie that I've done. I mean, this is really American. How do I see myself? I'm lucky. If they give you the chance, you have to break your back because there are many actors out there that are as much better than you, but they choose you for whatever reason. But I consider myself the same person that I was seven years ago, working in Spain.

LWLies: Is it important to you to maintain some sense of a national identity as an actor, and remain 'Spain' in Spanish cinema?

Bardem: Yes, but it's not something that has to do with the flag. It has to do with an education, a culture, an attitude, something that you are comfortable with because you know exactly every kind of little detail, then you're talking about where you're acting. It doesn't have to do with paying any debt to any country.

LWLies: What are the challenges of working in English?

Bardem: It's the difference between hotel room and your room. When you are staying in a hotel room and you are getting used to it, after a week you can come in with the lights off, and you know where certain things are as you don't sit the furniture, but there will be places in that room that you won't touch, and that you'll never think of. You don't belong to them, they don't belong to you. That's the language. You speak, you try to manage the language, own the language, there's a moment when you more or less feel comfortable, but there are certain points that you're not ever going to touch because it has nothing to do with experience. You haven't been able to live or live in that language. *Entrevista*

Check out the lwlies.org.uk



BLACK WATER

Directed by Peter Berg
Written by Peter Berg
Produced by Peter Berg
Cinematography by Mark Johnson
Edited by Michael Kahn

Rating: 15

You can tell from the

get go that *Black Water* is going to be a well-conceived but badly executed thriller. It has reprobates (Keanu Reeves' *The Blair Witch Project* and *Jaws*), but the kind of execution that is more *The Bone Witch Project* meets *Posse*.

Grace (Cate Blanchett), her boyfriend Adam (Andy Roddam) and her little sister Lee (Mia Wasikowska) decide to take a river tour while on holiday. After drifting into a mangrove swamp their boat is captured and they soon realise they've been attacked by a crocodile.

As the onslaught of *XXX* drinking, casual swearing and Steve Irwin look-a-like tour guide suggest, *Black Water* is set in Northern Australia where, according to the opening shot, croc attacks are a regular occurrence. Even so, that hardly informs the basis of a true story big pinned to the film.

With a plot focused almost entirely on the survival of only

these characters, it's not a big ask for *Black Water* to sustain the tension for a tight 90 minutes. But although the foliage of mel crocs is an effective choice by co-directors David Rabe and Andrew Traucki, and the first attack puts the film to life, it doesn't leave you on tenterhooks for very long.

The tension quickly dissolves as hunter and hunted play a game of peek-a-boo that turns into a comical face-off as scary as a bush tucker trial. Don't bother watching a film that's essentially *Jaws* with a crocified bit, just watch *Jaws* instead. *Entrevista*

Anticipation: crocodiles plus capsized boat equals good time. *Three*

Enjoyment: sure as god as that bit in *Gremlins* besides. *Two*

In Retrospect: a wasted opportunity. *One*



BEFORE THE DEVIL KNOWS YOU'RE DEAD

2007, 104 mins, R, directed by Sidney Lumet
With Philip Seymour Hoffman, Ethan Hawke, Amy Madigan, John Goodman, and others

Philip Seymour Hoffman

Hoffman is having sex with Marisa Tomei. He's taking her from behind. This is the opening to *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead*, and depending on your proclivities, it's either embarrassing, arousing, or something between the two.

Whatever your reaction, it's certainly a provocative way for Lumet to grab the attention. And, while the scene of passion offers a short-lived moment of tenderness, it also hints at the stark delivery of the drama that is about to unfold.

It begins with sex, but it kicks off with a robbery. It should be simple, but it's not. It's awkward, distasteful and thoroughly messy – a farce that

collapses into a horrid show of blood and broken glass. But this is just the first in a series of woeful events that will blight the lives of brothers Andy and Hank (Hoffman and Ethan Hawke) along with their fractious father, Charles (Albert Finney).

Andy, the older of the siblings, is a junkie and a drifter. As the brains behind the bad idea ("Hey, let's rob the family store!"), he bears the brunt of our condemnation. At one point, Andy reveals himself to be even more of a monstrous parasite than first imagined – a supervillain born from Hoffman's can-never-hurt-me, but-never-humane

Hank, on the other hand, is pathetic. A drunken failure tormented by his ex-wife, his participation in

the cascade of cock-ups is propelled by despair rather than greed. While his heady hero moment, Hank's hangdog demeanour is end enough to garner something approaching sympathy, in a decent performance from an actor who doesn't always shine.

Lumet's relatively knowing direction allows them both to make the most of their roles, as vicious bickering drives the plot forward. Not since *Fargo* has a film so effectively portrayed a crime snowballing out of control, and while the brothers' descent eventually teeters on the edge of credibility, there's a vital tension of truth that somehow cuts through the melodrama. Sidney Lumet knows human nature, and it shows.

Okay, so this is black stuff. Yet there's something oddly satisfying about the lives of others going down the toilet, and when the toilet is this well-made it's hard to complain. There isn't many tragedies, but this is high-voltage tragedy from a master of the art. *Never Say*

ROTELEVISION... *Same*, *as always*, waste of your time and attention. *Four*

ENJOYMENT... *Maybe*, *like*, *now* or *the* *laugh*. *It*, *doesn't*, *sound*, *great*, *but*, *it*, *is*... *Four*

IN RETROSPECT... *A* *lesson*, *learned* – *admitting* *your* *guilt* – *is* *a* *bad*, *bad*, *one*. *Four*

BACK TO NORMANDY

DOCUMENTARY
Directed by Philippe Falardeau
Starring Claude Hébert

100 mins

A record of eight

Time in 30 years suggests that Nicolas Philibert can't come to rush into a project unless he really feels it, so it's no surprise that *Back to Normandy* is a profoundly personal experience.

In 1980, Philibert was assistant director on René Allou's *Ma, Pierre Rivière*, a well-considered, if little seen, story about French peasant Pierre Rivière who, in 1825, murdered his mother, brother and sister. Then made a lengthy confession before committing suicide.

Allie and Philibert shot on location in rural Normandy, crafting families and villagers from the places where Rivière lived and died. And it's to these people that Philibert has returned 30 years later, partly out of a sense of romantic attachment, but also to see what kind of legacy the film left behind.

What begins as a whimsical journey, however, gradually becomes a kind of quietistic pilgrimage. On the one hand, it is the search for the reclusive Claude Hébert, who played Pierre to great acclaim, only to disappear as fame beckoned. But more than that, *Back to Normandy* is a subtle and engaging attempt to understand the relationship between filmmaker and community.

As they become more comfortable around the camera, the villagers reveal heart-breaking stories of personal tragedy, or share simple details of their everyday lives. It's in these moments that Philibert achieves a quiet profundity, forcing you to confront the notion of what happens after the camera has packed up and moved on.



Anticipation *Back to Normandy*? You know you'd never been to the best place? No.

Enjoyment: A gentle, yearning and absorbing documentary. *Three*

In Retrospect: A rare lesson may well have you thinking about the nature of cinema. *Three*

EL VIOLIN

DOCUMENTARY
Directed by Francisco Vargas
Starring Francisco Vargas,
Guillermo Gómez

100 mins

Selected for the Un

Cartier-Bresson section of the 2006 Cannes Film Festival, *El Violin* marks the astonishingly measured debut feature of Francisco Vargas. The decision to expand an earlier short into this almost unambiguously affecting meditation on banjo and brutality saves *Inspired*.

Elderly Don Plutarco (Angel Trujillo), his son Genaro (Bermudo Tercero) and grandson Luce (Miguel Gómez) are humble rural musicians who also support the armed campesino peasant (guerrilla) movement. When the military seize their village, the inhabitants flee, leaving ammunition behind. Playing on his appearance as a harmless violin player to secure the trust of a vonn captain (Diego Gómez)

Genaro who fancies himself as a musician, old Don Plutarco has a plan to weave the community through chiva and steady nerves.

For all that it's directed, written and produced by Vargas, *El Violin* is anchored on the amazing central performance of Tiven, born in 1924, Tiven, who descends from a line of traditional musicians, began playing the violin aged six, and rose to the top of his field despite losing his right hand in a tragic accident. Though involved with Vargas in the making of the documentary *Todos Cuentan*, *El Violin* represents Tiven's first acting role. Giving a naturalistic and subtle performance that beautifully interplays with the



veteran Gómez to evoke the struggle between peasants and government and between duty and pleasure, the octogenarian was rewarded with a richly deserved Best Actor prize at Cannes.

Don't be put off by the fact that its UK release has been inexplicably delayed: this is a humanistic work that offers an intelligent and rigorously sentimental account of oppression and resistance. It deserves to be embraced. *Three*

Anticipation *Vargas* has been tipped as the one to keep the Mexican renaissance going. *Three*

Enjoyment: Respectfully juxtaposing beauty and brutality, this is a profound and lyrical work. *One*

In Retrospect: A gem of a film ripe for discovery. *Four*



LUST CAUTION

REVIEWED BY
MARK HALL
FOR THE DAILY MAIL

12A
100 mins

Ang Lee's Lust, Caution is like a bespectacled City shark. Everything is measured and polished – James Schamus' screenplay is a model of sophistication, the performance of Tony Leung and newcomer Tang Wei are impassioned and intelligent, while production designer Lee Ping has created a compelling vision of occupied China – but despite all that, deep down you just can't trust it.

Shanghai, 1942. The Japanese are working with a collaborationist government in occupied China. An underground resistance has mobilised, and its rights is the commander of the secret police, Mr Yen (Leung). Yen lives in a closely guarded compound with round-the-clock

protection, but he has one weakness, a woman with whom he fell in love four years before in Hong Kong. That woman is Wong Chia Chit (Wei), now a fully-fledged member of the resistance tasked with bringing Yen into the open by any means necessary.

Cutting between occupied Shanghai and pre-war Hong Kong, between the dual identities of Wong Chia Chit, between youth and experience, between hope and futility, between violence and love, Ang Lee constructs a crystalline tale of polished brilliance. Like the diamond that Yen harbours, it has a look: it's a film with a multi-layered surface. It is, in its own way a more powerful rendering of our current troubles than any liberal hand-wringing; asking tough questions

about occupation, violence and freedom. It is also a provocative sexual thriller a grown-up *Black Book* which replaces that film's smugly good fun with a high-mindedness that is, nevertheless, far from cautious about Yen and Wong's stirring sex life.

By any measure, standard, Ang Lee has produced another epic. And yet something about *Lust, Caution* sticks in the throat. It seems good feels, the kind that convince people they're watching quality world cinema when its Hollywood sugar coating is designed to keep them from ever experiencing the real thing. It's all intellect and no emotion, and has the atmosphere of an airport bag – hermetically sealed still and stale. It lacks the rough edge that give-a-picture

personality and for all its bedroom heat, it's a film that's in dire need of a little more warmth. *Mark Haddon*

Anticipation. You could make a convincing argument that Ang Lee is the best director in the world. *Peter*

Enjoyment. Full marks for artistic merit, but not for emotional content. *These*

In retrospect. At the very least, it will force you to think Hong and hard about why a film with no fine writing from Ang Lee's a much better experience. *These*

Lust, Caution writer and super producer James Schamus talks politics, Iraq, and the misunderstood genius of *Hulk*. No, really.

LW: You adapted the screenplay from Eileen Chang's short story. It's such a specifically Oriental story in such an Oriental setting, what did you bring to the screenplay that was uniquely your own?

Schamus: Pretty much everything that wasn't.

Grimaldi: The story and her style of writing is so personal that it gives you an almost immediately an idea what you have to do to make the translation to the screen. Eileen Chang was a non-Western observer with cameras, and so I made what motivates that story in a tremendous cinematic sensibility.

LW: You make no apologies for how convoluted the history is, but it's not easy to follow. Were you under pressure to clarify that?

Schamus: Once you get through that very brief confusion those things do simplify themselves. Set it up so that the Japanese oppression and the collaborators who work with them are 'bad', and the idealistic young people who are trying to assassinate them are 'good' — at least that's the set-up. That's confusing which are the enemies that come with the poison by which our because becomes involved with that assassination, then you've an easily confusing territory.

LW: Are you finding that people are trying to pin a Baghdad/Iraq scenario on top of what you've done?

Schamus: You'd be surprised by how few have, at least in the States, but that's because people are almost blind to the connection. Certainly Ang and myself were when that was a contemporary issue in so many ways: you're seeing a militarism on which oppression and when imperialism and what militarism can do to people.

LW: You produced *Buffalo Soldiers* back in 2001, which says quite specifically that some of the guys in the Army are total chits. Could you make that film in today's climate?

Schamus: I screened *Buffalo Soldiers* at the Venice Film Festival, and sold it on the night of September 10, 2001. Within about 15 hours of closing that deal, the film's value had disappeared. It just goes to show you when can happen in a single instant. So I started by everything the film has to say and the way it says it. Absolutely, and I think what's interesting so many years later is what's happening with Blackwater and Abu Ghraib. I think that the picture is a little less complicated than we had led us to believe.

LW: After making the likes of *Brokeback Mountain* and *East, West, Castle*, the big question is what the hell we're going on with *Wolf*? Why did Ang Lee do it, and do you regret it in retrospect?

Schamus: No, not at all. If you are looking at movies politically, to have a movie on a motorcycle team where a guy created by the American military is battling that American military in the desert while Natascha Atlas is singing Arabic reflective music in the soundtrack — if now people can't get it, too bad for them. Matt Richmon



Drive responsibly off-road.



GO FLYING



TUNO

REFERENCES

卷之三

"Your parents are

probably wondering where you are," suggests Vanessa Loring [a-pint-and-prayer Jennifer Garner] to heavily pregnant teenager Juno MacGuff [Ellen Page]. "Nah," says Juno. "I mean, I'm already pregnant, so what other kind of shenanigans could I get into?"

Then just about come up the last-telling, nose-making, totally mature teenager that is Jono, the star of Jason Belmonte's hugely engaging comedy about growing up, and the bumps that come along the way.

After getting knocked up by the blustery limp Paula Blaster (Michaela Czer), June checks the "Desperately Seeking Spouse" section of the weekly Penny-Saver to find a couple who went to adopt. Enter Vanessa

and Mark Loring (Jason Begheard), who are desperate for a child. But while June is taking the entire situation in her stride, she slowly discovers that no matter how much you think you're in control, nothing in life ever really goes to plan.

Thanks to blogger-turned-newspaperman Gabe Jerry, *Juno* sports a rare-shame script, with quotable one-liners all over the place. And although the dialogue is occasionally a little too self-consciously — a bit too tangy to be believable — the outstanding performances of Page (paper) over any would-be bratola. With her sweet and geniality she effortlessly tempers Juno's cocksure high-school precociousness with the confusion of a teenager out of her depth.

Ritman has already proved himself adept at dealing with hot subjects, humorously tackling the tobacco industry in *Thank You For Smoking*. And while teenage pregnancy isn't your standard come-uppance, it works because Judd approaches the subject with humility and an honest eye.

But when the film truly kicks in, in its depiction of June's relationship with Blanche, it's here that the witty repartee and Ober's maturity get stripped away and Page plays it brilliantly. It's at her most thoughtful, June her most sweet and wise actress.

With a talented ensemble cast, rich direction and a cracking soundtrack to boot, *June* is more than just your average coming-of-age comedy. But it's Ellen Page's

she, and for good reason, she shows an almost intimidating amount of talent for a 20-year-old. We're going to be seeing a lot more of the Indy 5000 Driver.

Anticipation. A
surviving pregnant
teenager from the guy
that brought us *Third Tier*
for seeking should be
interesting. Done.

Enjoyment. Miss Page is anxious to have refreshingly growing boys and girls. Her

In RETROSPECT. Funny and moving with quotable one-liners and a heart full of soul. **Paul**

DAN IN REAL LIFE

1990-91

100

'Plan to be surprised!'

equips the trailer to Peter Hedges' latest slice-of-life comedy — with perhaps a tad more irony than Hedges intended.

Surprises there are not in this predictable tale of love-at first sight. Obvious plotlines and unconvincing characters, however, there are aplenty in a film, that shows none of the subtlety of Hedges' previous forays into writing and directing. *Prices of April, What's Eating Gilbert Grape?*

Steve Carell leaves The Office to play Dan Burns, a widowed father-of-three stuck in the safety of his man-guy ways. When a bizarre encounter with

*AZUR & ASMAR:
THE PRINCES'
QUEST*

www.2020-2021.com
Annual Edition
2020-2021.com
Annual Edition
www.2020-2021.com

10

This gleefully
idiosyncratic animated work
comes from Michel Ocelot, the
French polymath who has
managed to carve a niche in
Europe with his series of hand-
drawn films charting the whimsical
exploits of Kikou, a talking
African baboon with a finely honed
moral sense.

Azur & Asemir tells the story of a Gauze town girl named Azur who is brought up by an Amazigh nanny alongside her young son, Asemir in what looks like eighteenth-century France. The boys fight, play and argue like brothers, until they are perfed, only to responsiveness later in medieval Mekhala, both in search of the magical djinn story about whom their nanny would tell them stories on tots.

a kindly stranger (Julie Christie) jolts him from his meagerful certitude, even causes to share the news with his ridiculously large family, gathered at their ridiculous country Rhode Island home for an all-American annual vacation. But guess what? She's already there—and she's dating his brother (Dane Cook).

With transparent dialogue and one-dimensional characters, there's little imagination and even less soul on display throughout most of the film. Perhaps it's not exactly shooting for laugh-out-loud funny, but as its quarter moments are overshadowed by step-dad tonality, it ends up occupying an uneasy middle ground.

A group of people sitting on the floor, including a man and three young girls, looking at a book together.

ground between comedy and seriousness that isn't going to please anybody. At least we'll piss *her* Bambi. Letitia has a monopoly on the soundtrack. *Antonia Klundt*

Anticipation. Since Gerelli's career has been hitting major turbulence, Ger

Engagement. Less
engaging than the
anxious version of
the office. Less
captivating than nitsis
the Bechim. More

in Retrospect:
Easily diagnosable form
that promises to never
repeat in you. The



than a long feature film to leave much of a lasting impression beyond the cinema doors. Also, the visual style is perhaps a bit over-faced and self-consciously enchanting to really leave the title 'one feeling fully engaged'. That said, a moderately successful attempt to offset the air of solemnity with comic side-track. On your comes, we welcome relief. *James Barnes*

Anticipation
Alternative estimates
epic that score risks as
Excessive, Incentive, Risk

enjoyment: legibility, writing and visually
sensibility. These

In Retrospect. For kids with a bit more energy. That



THINGS WE LOST IN THE FIRE

Reviewed by
JESSICA BROWN
and
JONATHAN LEE

MOVIES

Contrary to first

impressions, this slow-burnning two-hour melodrama isn't based on a best-selling beneficiary of Oprah's Book Club, but it certainly begins like a badly-adapted novel. In fact, this tear-jerking ode to family life is the result of an original screenplay by Allen Loeb: no most of the blame for its early woes must be levied at the dourly-poking cuts of Danish director Susanne Bier, as she tries to cover around 25 years of back story in the film's first 15 minutes.

David Duchovny plays smart, sophisticated architect Brian, the perfect father to two adorable kids, and ideal husband to

impossibly beautiful stay-at-home mom, Audrey (Halle Berry). However when you see father and son sharing a tender moment at their neighbour's swimming pool ("What does fluorescent mean, dad?") "Ugh, from within, son", "Like me?" "Like you" (you know that tragedy is mere tributes away)

Things then take a turn for the lousy when, in a difficult fit of self-flagellation, Audrey makes pains to berate Brian's childhood friend, Jerry (Joaquim de Almeida). Jerry's a former weepie-turned-lazy-maynard school addict whom she's loathed for decades, but he's also a unique link to the past that has been so unfairly wrenched from her. Audrey rocks

up at his old house, then at the hospital where he works as a janitor and then, in what seems like self-punishment of the most word-kind, asks him to move in with her. She even climbs up to him at night and begs him to hold her ("You know who I am?" she asks, sleepily).

Their mixed-up relationship stretches the bounds of normal – would a straight-laced middle-class mom really let a strong-out Janice live with her two young kids? But the cast work hard to ground this suburban fairy-tale in reality. A bittersweet turn from Del Toro sets this gaudy tale apart from lesser melodramas, while Halle Berry's

tear and mucus ducts earn their fat star-making dosage. *Honest*

Anticipation One cold evening of David Bamber's followed by an evening of Halle Berry with a salley of sprays on the side isn't an appetizing dish. *See*

Enjoyment Halle's sweet, saucy-moist and a little crummy. *These*

IN RETROSPECT Cleanse your palate – it can be refreshing to order something different. *These*

We're not saying that Dogme's First Lady Susanne Bier is old or anything, but honestly, the Danish sardine pot is super hot for her age.

LW/Lies: Even though you've had success in Europe, is there a degree to which you tell that, making a film in America for the first time, you were starting over again?

Bille N.: I wouldn't say that I was starting over again because I feel very confident. If we do enough films to know what I can do and what I can't do. But obviously it's all different. That's one of the reasons for doing it, one of the most frightening things in life — and not just for movie makers but for anybody who creates a certain level of fans — is that as more and more people will stop supporting your opinions because you've proved yourself right. It's dangerous to be too comfortable.

LW/Lies: Was it a struggle to work with a major studio?

Bille N. I actually really enjoyed it, surprisingly so because I was anticipating it being worse.

LW/Lies: You never had to stamp your feet and kick up a fuss?

Bille N. I think that the studio would say that I did that. I wouldn't say that I did that — I felt that I was being very forthcoming. That obviously is not always the norm. And I think that's because it's natural to listen and understand. If we disagreed, I would try and understand where their hesitation was and then I would assess whether I thought they were right, and whether I thought it made sense or not. And if I didn't think it made sense I wouldn't address it.

LW/Lies: Was it intimidating working with bigger stars?

Bille N.: No. The stars are, you're at work. You know, Susanne Bier Tree and Milla Jovovich got Oscars because they're great actors or I respect them, but in the situation of making a movie, that's what you do — you are at the top. If you feel intimidated you should probably start writing tittytots instead.

LW/Lies: Do you see yourself as a figurehead in terms of Scandanavian film?

Bille N.: In Denmark? Like, there is the festival now and then there is me? Yeah, to an extent I feel that. I feel a bit like I do with my family — I don't want to disappoint them. I don't want to disappoint my mothered Danish family. I don't presume that I won't, but I will do my best in order not to disappoint them.

LW/Lies: It's been over a decade since the Dogme manifesto was announced. What is its legacy? Do you think it achieved its aims?

Bille N. I think what Dogme did, and has done, is that it punctuated a way of storytelling which has been really important. It has brought stories back to the core — story lines and characters — and it has elevated slightly looking at Hollywood and trying to do enormous lighting and big costume pieces and things like that. It's actually taken screenwriting back to their core in Europe, and I think in that respect it's been very important. Actually I do think it's been highly influential too. *Meet the Fockers*...

Find more on the website at www.thefilmtrust.co.uk.



THE SAVAGES

ADAPTED BY
MARK LIDDELL
FROM THE NOVEL
BY JENNIFER E. COOPER
DIRECTED BY
PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN

There is a sad moment

in every adult's life when their parents are unable to look after themselves and the role of the carer is reversed. It's a hard situation made harder if you don't particularly like your parents. How do you deal with the heavy burden of a person who did nothing but neglect and abuse you?

That is the premise behind Susanna Jankovic's second feature. It's a depressing subject that could have become a soul-destroying film, but instead, we're treated to brilliant, subtle performances, wonderful direction and a healthy dose of black humour that doesn't compromise the serious subject matter.

Philip Seymour Hoffman and Laura Linney are enthralling siblings Jon and Wendy Savage, who are completely obsessed with their own lives. He's an academic who can't commit to his long-term Polish girlfriend even though she's about to be deported, she's an aspiring playwright who tempers and stalks stalkingly while having an affair with a married neighbour.

It's their father Lenny (a brilliant Philip Brofman) that throws the pair together, as he has

bad toilet behaviour combined with his partner's death spelling the end of his term in a posh neighbourhood. As tough situations arise, we're never told what he did to them or their mother to make her run off — there are no dramatic revelations, confessions or speeches — Jenkins simply lets the acting do the talking, successfully enough that the details of what Lenny may or may not have done seem scarcely relevant. Unsurprisingly there's no happy ending, but you'll be glad that we leave the Savages a little more content than when we found them. *Leslie S.*

Anticipation: Philip Seymour Hoffman's kinetic mix of the sardine, and we'll still get used to seeing him.

Enjoyment: Excellent, from beginning to end. When does he decide next his come out?

In Retrospect: the witty lines and performances will stand out as more important. *Paul*

Directed by
Todd Haynes
Written by
Todd Haynes
Produced by
Todd Haynes

It was Hegel who

suggested that history is governed by the dictates of 'world-historical' individuals. They alone, he said, have the rare power to rise above the limited horizon of their own age. If that's true, the last century belonged to one such man – Bob Dylan – a unique, enigmatic and enigmatic who has repeatedly investigated nature in order to recognise himself in it.

This concept is at the heart of Todd Haynes' new quasi-biopic of the auteur: *Don't Look Back* (along and *Dansa Mai*). It's a movie which plots around Dylan's ability to shape-shift, and the manifold identities he continues to skirt. That Haynes succeeds in capturing these ever-changing essences is attributable to one of the master cinema's tools of ascent: namely the dramatisation of Dylan's metamorphoses by using multiple editors, genres and stories to trace the diverse mutations in the songwriter's life.

In all, Dylan is re-rendered sordid, first, and most

strangely, by Marcus Carl Franklin as Woody, a young black re-inhabitant of Dylan's bygone reverence for the folk music of Woody Guthrie. Dylan's subsequent protest and born-again Christianity periods are depicted smartly via loose-documentary footage of Christian Bale as Jack Polkoff, informal chronicler of American street turned California pastor. Both arcs are made manifest by spookily adjacent versions of Dylan songs ('The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll' and 'Presenting Mr', respectively).

Third is Ben Stiller as Arthur, the manifestation of French symbolist poet Arthur Rimbaud; and, more broadly, an evocation of the singer's tilted embrace of Bent doubleback. Fourth, and most



tenderly, is Ode Blenched, as Jade, the genderless Dylan of Pennebaker's *Don't Look Back* – he might have been captured by Fellini, or even Richard Lester. Her performance is reminiscent of Anthony Hopkins' in *Alien*, where physical and vocal metamorphoses pay handsomer dividends than mere facial line-ups.

All of which leaves us with the two chapters which function as the film's glue – a cantharope which is easier and a Wild West shaman. Veiled references to the Rolling Thunder Revue abound in the latter, including a hazy reprise of Dylan's own cameo in Peckinpah's *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, with Richard Gere

euving chubbs as an auxiliary Billy (Berry); shot in the back, by a motorcycle crash.

Although the last layer of the film's narratives, Gere's sado-masochism without doubt owing its most gratifying – belatedly, only in fact – by Heath Ledger's The Australian actor is positively castrating as Robbie, an actor who plays Dylan in a movie and whose relationship to the painter Diane (Charlotte Le Bon) is a ménage à trois. Dylan's marriage to, and divorce from, Diane Le Bon – The exuberantly checkered intensity of their shared scenes lends an otherwise-lacking straightforwardness to a film which, in the final analysis,

feels much, much bigger than mere musical biography.

Indeed, unintended nods to Hegel notwithstanding, one might read it as a paeanised history of the twentieth century itself. Andrew Pulfer

Anticipation *Except*
Jason Stiles (18.10.08) *The*
Breakfast – *The*

Enjoyment *In* *Value*
A *Lie* *In* *Laugh*, *In* *Value*
A *Value* *In* *Op* – *Four*

IN RETROSPECT *Eight*
Confessions *In* *My*
Heart (See *Anybody* *Seen* *My*
Love) – *Five*

THE GOOD NIGHT

MOVIES
Book reviews
Covering books
and reading
culture

Gary (Martin Freeman)

used to be a pop star. Now he writes advertising jingles. Lives in isolation with girlfriend, Dore (Gwyneth Paltrow), and envies the growing professional and romantic success of former band mate, Paul (Simon Pegg). It's no surprise when the beautiful, nervous Anna (Penelope Cruz) blossoms his desire to sleep one night – and returns in an even more titillating outfit the next – that he begins to question the value of waking up. Soon Gary turns his back on reality in favour of the embossed fantasies of his dreams.

The fine line between truth and fantasy is hardly a novel one to director, *Charlie Kaufman* and Michel Gondry's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*.



Gondry's solo effort, *The Science of Sleep*, the surrealistic wearisomeness offered by visits to the unconscious has been richly mined. Resting on it is in this fashionable oeuvre, like Paltrow's feature film debut, doesn't sound half bad. And it's not half bad – it's all bad.

God knows what Gary's pop lyrics were like because his imagination sucks. Visually, the

beach setting of his fantasies is as stale and flat as his relationship with Dore. Worse still is the sight of a disembodied Cruz floating through the solar system, and later on a ثلاثة sea shore, begging Gary to make love to her.

After wondering why you bothered, you'll wonder why they did. And then you'll cast *The Good Night* to the neglected depths of your unconscious.

Where it belongs: *Emma Pierson*

Anticipation... Hollywood heavyweight plus edition comedy's better night makes your begin... *Three*

Enjoyment... only to dash them away after *One*

In Retrospect... *Eight*

EMPLOYER



DRIVE Photography: Jeff Vespa

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Indie Legend Gus Van Sant talks exclusively to EW.com about his latest film, *Paranoid Park*.

EW.COM What is your relationship with the Oregon skateboarding community?

Gus Van Sant I was never really part of that community but I was skateboarding in the '80s by the time I spent sixties in Portland in the '80s. There was this very intense skate community which eventually built the park where we shot the film. Now they're all in their thirties and have kids and stuff. The real kids were very helpful and interested in us shooting, but there was also some suspicion, and there was competition between the different skate parks.

EW.COM Did the kids mind that their skate park was renamed *Paranoid Park* for the film?

Van Sant They didn't seem to care that we called it that. There is a *Paranoid Park* in Portland but it's not a skate park. We called it that because the guy was paranoid. And the kids call it *Paranoid Park* but it's not, it's called *Macmillan Skate Park*. Perhaps some people do care just because they don't want people shooting with their park. It's a fun joke calling Ray Romano *Paranoid Ray* and making it an off-the-community reference to it as *Paranoid Ray*.

EW.COM You advertised the casting on MySpace, and Gabe Nevins went along to get a role as a skating extra. What was it like working with him?

Van Sant He had a very many way about him and he also had an intense visual history. He looked weird. He is quite different in real life, and am a lot younger than the character. In real life he's 19 now.

EW.COM Christopher Doyle collaborated with Rain Li, a 24-year-old Chinese cinematographer, who's been working in film since she was 18. Did Rain's age help to get such intimate performances out of the teenage cast?

Van Sant I think my 18-year-old daughter Rain has an amazing combination of Rain and Gabe. I guess she did have an effect on them.

EW.COM How did you create the music?

Van Sant I had Chee Lopez that I used to use for Chee Ball Absurd from around the world using record collections as music or soundtracks. I never had a chance to use them and I decided over 10 years ago that I'd had for a really long time, and I had this recording specially made from Richard Pergola who has a music show on radio in Portland every Tuesday at nine — he's had that program on air for 20 years. He made this tape for me and I started playing it alongside the football players when an Elephant King came out the football player is in the office, and is working really hard because you could play the whole thing as the shot is so long and it was really relaxed. That's how it started — by using pieces that were more like compositions rather than sound effects. **Verne Strelakovsky** The full transcript is up now at www.ew.com.

PARANOID PARK

Christopher
Doyle
cinematographer
Rain Li
actress
Gabe Nevins
extra

Skater boys look like
they know a secret. They claim
stitches of the city without
speaking. They hunch down new
frontiers, pitting themselves
against unformed and challenging
temper. While other teens are
accused of empathy, skaters really
care. About skating, but that's
still something.

Paranoid Park is based on
a novel by Blake Nelson about
a skater with a secret. Police are
visiting Alex (Gabe Nevins) at
school, asking about a presumed
event that took place on the
sidewalks, where they found his
board. Unable to talk to anyone,
Alex writes down his story, trying
to make sense of the facts and
his feelings, struggling to order
and contain his recollections
just as skaters reposition their
environment, shaping and
modifying it to fit their needs.
And as that experience is
revealed, Alex sinks further into
the detachment of a disinterested
teenager — not carefree or
uncaring, but in shock.

Gus Van Sant draws out this
spartan narrative through the

inexpressive grunts prised from
a face that shows only resignation.
He evokes the teenage world as
we remember it, with the muggy
weight of lost emotions and the
paganity of pleasure and people
deemed to pass.

The deliberate, typically
sluggish film is like the agonized
silence of a nervous 16-year-old.
Yet Van Sant shows a respect for
their self-delusion and disownment
and suggests that, as we grow
old and comfortable, we become
diluted, far removed from our
concentrated and more truthful
teenage selves. Holly George-Warren

Anticipation. *Ray*
Van Sant looks as high-
sided after the shooting
skatepark. *Ray*

Empathy:
Penetrating through
a teenager's mind will
make you want to hug
a skateboard. *Ray*

In Retrospect: An open
ending to the film re-
enters and stays with you. *Ray*



MY BLUEBERRY NIGHTS

1996年

10

You're born, you go
to school, you muck about for a few years and then you go travelling. It's the stock-in-trade of passage for young go-getters these days, and anyone who says different can go to hell. Yet, as those who have journeyed to faraway lands will surely attest, while the head inhabits we immerse ourselves in the culture and rituals of the new, the heart is always searching for that little peace of home.

In his new, American-set road movie, *My Blueberry Nights* he gets the sense that Wong Kar Wai is suffering from a terminal case of homesickness, desperately trying to locate the artless, innocent who of downtown Hong Kong in the flat, unadorned planes of the US. The dislocation is palpable, and the film offers up the sort of home-tired approximation of America usually reserved for

the Macy's Day Parade and border-town notices of this world—it's the kind of film you might see in a bauhaus store next to the personalized number plates and the "Sheol Blanca" T-shirts.

There are other problems. Committing casting him-kin not once but twice. Wong makes the initial error of calling upon wizoid coffee-table jazz chestnut Norah Jones to carry his film but then trumps himself by partnering her up with pretty-boy acting kidster Jude Law.

Jones plays Elizabeth, a starry-eyed dilettante who discovers that her boyfriend has been doing the dirty on her and finds a shoulder to cry on in the form of Jeremy (Lane), a shaggy Miami date owner who has been a positive observer to myriad over-the-counter emotional breakdowns over the years. With a name nod to Gukaswala and

Kersane: She decided the only way she can overcome her past is to look to the road, and so heads straight down Route 66 via Memphis, Reno and Vegas.

With his previous two films – *In the Mood for Love* and 2046 – Wong proved himself a cinematic stylist without equal, as well as a master of coded sexual frisson and coolly monitored social nuance. *My Blueberry Nights* is just amply sweaterie, pun packed with the well-intentioned meetings on love and relationships that made *Chungking Express* such a hugely compassionate film but with a heavy-handed symbolism and Huihui sentimentality that leaves it

The first sign of anything gelling with Wong's aesthetic exuberance (the film is undeniably gorgeous) is David Strathairn's patchwork traffic cop, Arne.

whose tender performance offers the film's lone emotional sucker punch. With Natalie Portman and Rachel Weisz dropping out for stock & sweaty histrionics later on, the nature of Elizabeth's spontaneous voyage of self-discovery quickly sums up the movie as a whole: elegiac, moderately tender, but far from transcendental. *Java West*

Anticipation bars

Enjoyment: the
judged and measured
take on relationships
and like this. The

IN RETROSPECT—
In a career that has
spanned 29 years,
it's his best show up
We'll let him off!
That's him, Bob



IN THE VALLEY OF ELAH

Directed by
Peter Berg
Starring Mark Wahlberg,
Clifton Collins Jr.,
Kirsten Dunst,
Diane Kruger



You can tell how

important a film is by the amount of make-up its lead actress is wearing. If Charlize Theron's survival face foundation is anything to go by, *In The Valley of Elah* must be Very Serious Stuff indeed.

And so it is. Uncomplicated with none of the stylistic idiosyncrasies of Paul Haggis' feature debut, *Cross* (and mercifully none of its face-bleeding clichés), *In The Valley of Elah* is a perfectly crafted moral mystery that combines forensic intelligence with emotional subtlety. The question at stake here is not 'Who did it?', but 'Who's responsible?'

Tommy Lee Jones is Henrik Deinfield, a retired Marine investigator whose son, Mike, has followed in his old man's footsteps only to go missing on his return from Iraq. Damaged mobile phone footage suggests that the young soldier suffered some kind of trauma, but when the military prove unable to

answer his questions, Henrik is forced to make the long journey to Mike's barracks to find out just what the hell is going on. He hooks up with Detective Sanders (Theron) after a grisly murder sparks his suspicions, and the two of them set about piecing their way through a political miasma to get to The Truth. Assuming that is, they can handle The Truth.

This is powerful stuff from Haggis, eight years away from the likes of Robert Redford's liberal guilt trip *Lions for Lambs*. In Whiteville, Tennessee, he's discovered an America every bit as foreign to our eyes as the streets of Baghdad. Anywhere from the cosmopolitan centres of New York and LA, this is a country of soul-numbing, smug-architects where the grey uniformity of the buildings is mirrored in the politically seduced partnership of the people. Everything is suffused in euphoric green and grey: we feel the noxious hypocrisy

of the administration that feeds on flows like this that have somehow seeped back into the atmosphere, poisoning everything it touches.

In the middle of it all is Tommy Lee Jones and That Face, unmistakable with its gressa and crage and those sloping, verbiageous lines that pull his eyes down into a state of perpetual sorrow. It's easy to just point the camera at an actor like this and issue him to it, but Haggis has pushed and prodded till Jones offers him something real. This is a man whose eyes are peeled open, almost agog, he will, until he's stripped of illusion and is forced to gaze on the real state of America.

This is compelling and even subversive filmmaking at its best, combining the sick entertainment values of a Hollywood big shot with a perceptive and confrontational agenda. There's no fab-thumping or blind ideology just sharp

writing and precision performances. And even if the film doesn't go quite far enough in daring to critique the individual US fighting man (just a subtext in American cinema), its final shot still packs a whopper of an emotional punch. Consider us floored. Matt Keshishian

Anticipation. The guy who only just realized Americans are racist takes on the Iraq War. *None*

Enjoyment. Everything works: performances, writing, direction, art design. Oh, except Diane Kruger as the mom. She's bad. *Four*

IN RETROSPECT. Haggis divides opinion, and rightly so, but he's taken a giant leap forward with this one. *Four*

Shooting the shit with *Entourage* star Paul Haggis. He can direct a bit too, oh, and he writes apparently.

LWJLies: *Variety* critic Todd McCarthy said he's not interested in the glut of Iraq war movies coming out and neither is the US public. What do you make of that?

Haggis: I think it is probably the truth. I don't think anyone is interested in who is responsible. This is a tragedy of huge proportions and I think people would much rather see someone, someone or whatever's out. That's part of the problem we have in America. We create this huge war but just point the finger and then get on with our lives.

LWJLies: Do you think the US is particularly poor at self-criticism? Although Bill O'Reilly doesn't represent all of America, he did say something along the lines of, 'This is what we ask of people who oppose the war - support us or shut up.'

Haggis: It's terribly dangerous to live in a culture like that. But Bill O'Reilly deserves to share the values that America was founded on. We just postpone to, we do a lot of neo-cons, but really most of the media just parrot what they say. We've asked our troops to face terrorism that we never have to face. The assumption that these 18-year-old kids have to face on a daily basis are dangerous on the extreme. When I found out how horrific the rates of engagement were, I asked myself, 'What would I do?' I didn't have a good answer so I decided to write a film that was patriotic but not partisan.

LWJLies: There seems to be a taboo about criticizing soldiers in US films. Is there a moral cowardice, though, in being against the war but supporting the troops, who are fundamentally instruments of the war?

Haggis: The people who have bumper stickers saying, 'Support the troops' really don't support them. They just slap them on the back and say, 'Well done', but we have the highest rate of suicide and homelessness in our military's history. They once have shamed and demoralized. They don't need to be vilified. We should be asking whose kids the soldiers were by the Pentagon, Congress and, ultimately, by us. If they commit war crimes, they do so in our name. I think that's as something the public don't want to face.

LWJLies: Do you worry that your film may get buried in all the negative hype surrounding the Iraq war?

Haggis: When I decided to do a movie, I don't make myself whether the audience is ready for it. I make a film because I have questions that are growing in my gut with this, I tried to make it a fulfilling experience, not just preaching for two hours. If you ask some disturbing questions, then you have done your job.

LWJLies: You take an interesting performance out of Tommy Lee Jones - how did you approach working with him?

Haggis: He is a very intelligent man who just needs to understand the character and agree with the approach. When he does, he delivers. I took dialogue away from both him and Charlize Theron and trusted them to tell us what was going on. And they did. *Messiah!*

There's more at www.themilitarystar.com.



HALF MOON

Directed by
Goharish Rastogi
Written by
Goharish Rastogi
Produced by
Goharish Rastogi
Music by
Rakesh Rastogi

Screenplay
by
Goharish Rastogi

Those of you after

trekking adventures and sharp dialogue may be disappointed by this one, but that would be missing the point. Kurdish-lesbian singer Bahman Ghobadi has followed his acclaimed 2004 *Syriana Can Fly* with a tragicomical epic, laced with symbolism and interpretation.

The plot follows Kurdish folk musician Memo (Janet Gholish), who is given the chance to perform in Iraq. Kurdistan follows the downfall of Reza Shah. He gathers his sons and bus-driver Keso (Alik-Mosad Rezende) and sets off through the barren countryside towards the border. It soon becomes clear that the trip will be marred by difficulty - foreshadowed by one of Memo's sons after visiting a war-mem. Memo in turn waits the ride as the slow-mo imagery and haunting soundtrack hint that the boundaries between fact and fiction, fantasy and realism are becoming blurred.

Memo is concerned that the group needs a female voice to complete the ensemble, so he turns to a village of 1,304 exiled female musicians, whomupon he discovers singer Hesha (Hedieh Tehrani). The village is symbolic - a metaphor for Iran's oppressed women, who despite performing in public with men when Hesha agrees to accompany the group, she has to be hidden under the floorboards of the bus. Meanwhile, Memo becomes tortured by

repeated visions of his own death as the journey continues. It's then that the angelic figure of Hivewang, or 'Half Moon' (Goharish Rastogi), joins the group. Where she comes from we don't know, is she a dream? And what does she stand for?

Half Moon is a slice of Kurdish life - a snapshot of a people who have been oppressed for centuries. Though some may find the contemplation of Kurdistan's Farsi causes hard to take, the film reflects the character of its people: various, resilient and even comic. This is a triumphant return for Ghobadi, a Bimmerish powerhouse about his people and his land. Don't try to rationalise it, but do ask questions of the film and yourself. Isn't that what cinema is all about? *Edie Baskin*

Anticipation...
Doesn't it look like
one for the autumn
festivals? See

Enjoyment...
Something for everyone
- a reason to see for
the world's most
affectionate and comedy
for everyone else. Four

In Retrospect...
In today's climate of
blockbusting blockbusters,
it's always refreshing
to see a film that
makes you think. Four



OUR DAILY BREAD

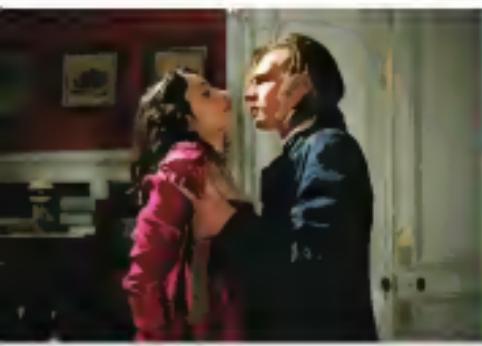
Directed by Nikolaius Geyharter
Written by Nikolaius Geyharter
Produced by Nikolaius Geyharter
Cinematography by Nikolaius Geyharter

Director and cinematographer Nikolaius Geyharter's *Our Daily Bread* sits somewhere between art installation and documentary. Paying no mind to the 'message' of the film, Geyharter communicates in a dispassionate idiom of still-camera and simple tracking shots, suggesting that the documentary is an observational rather than an explanatory medium. That he is able to sustain interest for 90 minutes is testament to the power of Geyharter's narrative composition, which mimics the lyrical identity of the processed food industry, whilst never resorting to cheap judgment. *Mike Daisey*

I AM LEGEND

Directed by Francis Lawrence
Written by Francis Lawrence
Produced by Francis Lawrence
Cinematography by Francis Lawrence

Will Smith puts in an above average performance in this surprisingly perverse take on the zombie apocalypse genre that focuses on the day-to-day travails and mental degeneration that go along with being the last man alive in a world full of poorly rendered flesh-eaters. The undead are surprisingly few and far between – in fact the supporting act for the majority of the film is Smith's dog (who's pretty good). Although he eventually finds some other survivors, the film is etymologized by a rushed denouement and shoe-horned quasi-religious message that is alienated and inappropriately didactic. *Jennifer Wilcox*



DON'T TOUCH THE AXE

Directed by Jacques Rivette
Written by Jacques Rivette
Produced by Jacques Rivette
Cinematography by Jacques Rivette

Jacques Rivette has returned to Balzac for this tale of nineteenth-century privilege. And as he nears 80, it comes as no surprise that there should be a crucial metaphor. Chocque, tucked in the corners of rooms, cithers on manuscripts and ring out from Pearson bell towers as a young general (Stéphane Guégan) leads his greatest battle in 1860 to conquer a rival but fairly morally worsen (Léonie Balzer). They say court everendless evenings, but she refuses to betray her husband, and her social position. This conflict of wills makes for a gripping film, albeit one that sometimes feels a little too cluttered. *Jenny Eclair*

STILL LIFE

Directed by Jia Zhangke
Written by Jia Zhangke
Produced by Jia Zhangke
Cinematography by Jia Zhangke

Life is anything but still in this extraordinary study of social and cultural tensions from Chinese director Jia Zhangke, which focuses on the construction of the Three Gorges Dam in southern China. The film follows the people's search for lost relatives, and efforts to steal documentary-like aesthetics with a yearning, almost abandoned tone. Drawing much of its emotion from lingering shots of the bruised landscape, it looks like the set of some post-apocalyptic Hollywood saga. Zhangke has captured the point where progress and tradition cross swords, and it's a quietly devastating place. *Jenny Eclair*



DEFINITELY MAYBE

Directed by Rob Reiner
Starring Ryan Reynolds, Maggie Gyllenhaal, Dennis Hopper
Rating: PG-13
Run time: 118 mins

Definitely, Maybe is knob cheese. Let's qualify: it's a-knob-cheese-for-knobbers. It's cheese for men. It's knob cheese. Ryan Reynolds is in the divorcing dad telling his daughter (Maggie Gyllenhaal) a bedtime story about when women from three simultaneous love affairs become her mother. Whether this is suitable reading for a minor is massively open to question, but more relevant is how this film suggests that Hollywood is ready to take on same-parent relationships and parenting. We are the 'anything goes', over-those-exceptionally-complicated generation, and it's high time our culture reflected it. Lauren Hogen



THE ITALIAN

Directed by Gianni Amelio
Starring Andrei Kavaychuk, Polya Spondorova, Vanya
Rating: PG-13
Run time: 110 mins

The Italian starts where orphan films usually end, with a young boy (Vanya, Polya Spondorova) about to be adopted to start a new life in Italy. But when a previous orphan's mother comes looking for her son, Vanya realises his lot may be cut them somewhere. So ensues a quest-like journey to find his birth parents, with only a greedy adoption dealer (Andrei Kavaychuk) standing in his way. Andrei Kavaychuk gives Russia an almost cock-music look, while the performances of the children command the attention as they stare vacantly out into the empty landscape, waiting for what they are told to believe will be a better life. Luca Lamp



ALICE IN THE CITIES

Directed by Wim Wenders
Starring Rüdiger Vogler, Yvonne Röthlisberger, Louis Malle
Rating: PG-13
Run time: 110 mins

Wim Wenders' fourth feature begins with a German journalist's futile journey across the East for a story before he returns home in search of the family of a nine-year-old girl with whom he's been tended. It's a tribute to stars Rüdiger Vogler and Yvonne Röthlisberger that this film, which fails temporally and thematically somewhere between Louis Malle's *Zauberberg* in *Memoirs* (1980) and Luis Buñuel's *Luis* (1996), manages to retain its innocence while never descending into schmaltz. And there are many astounding moments, including a long take of a child eating his bike that's reminiscent of a Bill Brandt photo. *www.wim*



THE WINTER HOUSE... LEGEND OF THE EGG

Directed by John Noss
Starring Alex Etei, Leah Heslop, Michael D. Johnson
Rating: PG-13
Run time: 100 mins

Angus (Alex Etei) is a young Scot eagerly awaiting his father's return from war, but his priorities change after he discovers a mysterious egg. The egg hatches to reveal a strange creature and as a gross Angus must get it out of his way. With his big sister and Newfoundland Lewis (Ben Chaplin), he sets it free in Loch Ness, which only makes things worse. A mix of real footage and CGI, *The Winter House* is an interesting take on an old myth. But although it's refreshing to see a family film with an actual family and not a bunch of action figures, there isn't enough plot to sustain an adult's attention let alone a child's. *Leanne Bell*



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CHAPTER 5

The Back SECTION

* IN WHICH WE
DISCUSS

the
medium
of
film

IN ITS MANY
mesmerizing
forms!

B ACK

PADDY
CONNAIS
LE
SCORE

WIM WENDERS
REGARD LE
FUTUR

15+
+

LES
TOUS
DERNIERS
DVDS

LES
FAVORIS
DE PAPA

SECTION

LES FETES QUI NE
SONT PAS TOUT LE
SCINTILLEMENT
ET LE PRESTIGE

**NICOLAS
PHILBERT**
SUR QUALITE
PAS QUANTITE

**NICOLAI
FUGLSIG**
A LE DOUBLE SIX

DE PLUS:
HOMER ET EDDIE



NICOLAS
PHILIBERT

No School like the Old School

Everywhere you look these days there's a fiery young filmmaker pumping the latest "No Hollywood Export" export of some political hot potato or other. Tossing a cat and you'll hit Michael Moore (surely, preferably). *Waiting Liberties*? Chris Atkins, *A Good American's* Brad Orlowski; *Why We Fight*? Eugene Jarecki; *One in Fourteen*? James Longley; and even good old Errol Morris with his *Rotten McMarners* interview, *The Fog of War*. And that's not even counting the other side, from the same Michael Moore main industry to 87th congressional districts and palling with radio hosts.

Don't get us wrong — many of these are powerful films with compelling messages that have us all divisioned and rethinking. But for all the talk of a new "golden age," an anachronistic, the polarizing, and the ideally wistful propaganda, a feel like documentary art may have faded at worst, but lost a little bit of its soul.

Thankfully, then, for Nicolas Philibert. The 50-year-old director

he loves in quality over quantity — in length — on 16 pages, he's managed to chronic one a whopping eight films. But even one is a unique and precious jewel — journeys into the most unlikely places, the most interesting with the most unusual characters — and are, more often than not, both inspiring and profoundly uplifting.

If 1993's award-winning *The Land of the Dead* represented a conventional breakthrough, it was surprise soloist-for *Elles et Elles*, a delicate love that really put him on the map. Set in a single room school in rural France, and following the progress of a class of four to 11-year-olds over the course of a year, it had all the trademarks of Philibert's best work: a simple, observational style, a low-key subject, improvisation and effortlessness.

As with his latest work, *Beauvois* (now, there is also a sense of fact and fiction colliding, a stylistic genre which he's been described as a "documentary performatif" rather than

a simple documentary film) or his *Elles et Elles*, his new ideas show that "I don't like labels or pigeon holes," he says. "If there is no border that counts for me, it's in the mix between documentary and fiction, it's more how a film can be taken into consideration than the question."

For Philibert, another documentary film is fluid in exactly the same way. "We are experiencing, he says, "the dimension of the subject," in which the value of a documentary is judged by the importance of its topic. As a man who has been on a personal pilgrimage to the French countryside on the trial of a long forgotten film, this is clearly something.

"I'm an anarchist against the dimension of the subject," he says. "You can make a fantastic film on a subject that appears to be terribly banal, and you can do a complete piece of shit having started out with a great subject." The new obsession, he believes, has made documentaries less honest. "I don't like how Michael



Shows manipulating spectators, how he sets up spectacular effects of emotion, and how he unfurls, in film after film, a grand vision for drama-gaze," he says. "I work differently. I make films more to know myself, to look in the world differently rather than to deliver a message or homilies."

Frewer has the personal edge to his work that few others have. In *Dark in Normandy*, a journey that sees Frewer re-entering his own past through the remakes of a small country community where that one of his first films as an amateur director alongside René Allio. As a young man, Frewer spent three months travelling from town to town, enlisting the help of the locals to tell key roles in the story of the amateur country musicians Pierre Rambin, who had died in the war. As *Dark in Normandy* shows, it was a re-enactment experience not just for the ageing film maker but for the town as a whole.

"They were very touched that I should come back 50 years afterwards to see them," he explains. "They

were touched to the fact that we hadn't forgotten them." Indeed, the tension between the transience of the filmmaking process and the permanence of the images you leave behind is at the heart of Frewer's film. There's a melancholy in seeing the young stars of Allio's film surrounded by friends of their own now, and a force you can't think about the responsibilities that a filmmaker has to his subjects after they've served their purpose. While he means no to the next project, they return to lives which are inexorably overshadowed by the remakes of others. "There is something about film making that is theft," agrees Frewer. "You take something away, and what do we give back?"

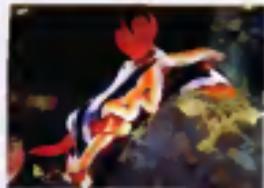
In many respects, *Dark in Normandy* is not a film project, not just because Allio's original film (titled as *Allo, Pierre, Rambin, alors tzigé au war, we are at our fire*) won't exactly have your average film fan queuing up to rewatch it, but also because Frewer had no idea what he would find on his return. As it

turns out — and whether by blind luck or because he has a genius for uncovering traces of quiet profundity we'll never know — the seemingly lost town has two valuable characters. What could have been a perfunctory, if sincere only to the filmmaker and his old crew, it gains a universal appeal by the transmogrification of its characters. There's the couple who talk movingly of rededing their child, who is schizophrenia. The argumentative community baker who has to rebuild her power of speech after suffering a stroke. And there is the enigma of Claude Rambin, the son who played Pierre Rambin only, it transpires, to find God.

Asked about the reactions of audiences to his film, Frewer says, "They're moved by how these people who have been through war, singular experiences of emotion are capable of expressing their feelings because what they're saying is at the same time both simple and deep." Simple and deep, it's the perfect description of Frewer's work. Matt Frewer

FESTIVALS

Alternative Festival Calendar



THIS YEAR, WHY NOT KICK CANNES TO THE CURB AND SAY 'BOLLOCKS' TO BERLIN? IT'S TIME TO EXPAND YOUR HORIZONS AND START PLANNING SOME TRULY UNIQUE FESTIVAL TRIPS. HERE ARE A FEW TO GET YOU STARTED.

HALLOWEEN SHORT FILM FESTIVAL

LONDON, UK
JUNE 27-4, 2011

It's not held at Halloween and the films don't necessarily have to be Judd Apatow's showcase of some of the best new short flicks. Plus, it might be the only Halloween event where you can come dressed as yourself and not be called 'dumb'. www.halloween.org.uk

ONE WORLD INTERNATIONAL HUMAN RIGHTS DOCUMENTARY FILM FESTIVAL

PRAGUE, CZECH REPUBLIC
MARCH 5-11

Apparently life in Central Europe isn't all about awards – there can be short promoting the ideals of human rights and exposing violations. Or, like the One World International Human Rights Documentary Film Festival, they can do both. www.jedem.org

BIRDS EYE view

LONDON, UK
MARCH

Launched in 2005, Birds Eye View was the first major UK women's film festival. While the women make it sound like a Harbord stock meeting is happenin', it's seriously a platform for some of the best female filmmakers around. We're not sure if it's meant to be a go or not. www.birdseyeview.org.uk

CAMBRIDGE SUPER-8 FILM FESTIVAL

CAMBRIDGE, UK
APRIL/MAY

The Cambridge Super-8 Film Festival continues to showcase some of the best films made exclusively on Super-8 cameras (those old school ones). The organisers are restoring old cameras by means of www.cambridge-super8.org.

POCKET FILM FESTIVAL

PARIS, FRANCE
JUNE

Instead of playing that hip hop on the bus or creating happy shopping videos for Tea-Tube, vloggers, restaurateurs and creators short films at your pleasure to be shown on the big screen at Paris' Pompidou Center. www.pocketfilmfestival.com

RHYTHM OF THE LINES

BERLIN, GERMANY
OCTOBER

Wherever they're not re-imaging the high street, graffiti artists in Berlin are making films about it. It's not just that they would be self-interested money makers, but they get around that well enough to host a festival that celebrates graffiti culture. www.rhythmofthelines.com

ANERTOR – AMERIKAWITTE HORROR FILM FESTIVAL

ANGERMEISTER, WALES
OCTOBER - NOVEMBER

You'll need a good reason to go to either an *abuse* or *Aberrant*, so here's one: the Aberrant Horror Film Festival. Only in its third year, it screens the best of the genre with guest speakers. www.aberranthorrorfilmfestival.co.uk

RIMINI CINQUEMI FESTIVAL

BOLZANO, ITALY
NOVEMBER

The dudes from the *RiminiCinque* film festival believe all films need new soundtracks! They don't have to be music based – all the better to challenge our preconceptions and bring modern culture to some old classics. www.riminicinque.it

BERG UND ABENTEUER FILM FESTIVAL

GRAZ, AUSTRIA
NOVEMBER

Make sure you've suffered in the right kind of rock before heading to Austria. This unique festival covers extreme sports and also the natural side of mountaineering, like the stuff from Blackpool or a broken crack in www.snowandice.com

ONE TAKE FILM FESTIVAL

RAGUZI, CROATIA
NOVEMBER 20-22

The One Take Film Festival's only condition is that all films are made with one take, so just hit record and let it all hang on. There's limited. Or a smart way to get one of that pretty olive oil? www.onetakeblackandwhite.com

THE INTERNATIONAL UNDERWATER FILM FESTIVAL

SEGOVIA, SPAIN
DECEMBER 14-17

Submerged cameras come to the fore in the International Underwater Film Festival with a variety of films and documentaries about the deep. Though the rules demand that at least 12 per cent of the footage is shot underwater, you'll be watching from the safety of dry land. www.underwaterfilm.com

SHOT
FILM

The Book Stops Here

Last issue we offered a tantalising glimpse into *Shooting People's* new book *Get Your Short Film Funded, Made and Seen*. After a *Baywatch*-style cliff hanger, we pick it up again with part two of *Cash Le Goutteur's* excellent chapter, 'No Bananas Please: How to Avoid Common Production Cock-Ups'.

1. CREATIVITY AND MANAGING YOUR TEAM

Apologies for our glib 'in engagement' analogy again between hey, we are all making 'tits'! But if you have a good plan, and people know what to expect each day, you are setting yourselves up for a dream shoot. Some of the most exciting aspects of making a film can be in the moments when you make a mistake and it looks great, or when you decide to try something new, or even grab totally different shots on a whim. But finding the space and confidence to allow that creativity and spontaneous collaboration to emerge, particularly when it comes out of giving your team a clear sense of what you are going each day, will everything all shoot off like ticks, it can be hard to say finished, inspired and open to new possibilities.

2. GOOD WONDERFUL FOOD

Low-budget shoots often mean you have begged your crew to work for a nominal fee, minimum wage. So make sure (at the very least) that

you have delegated someone to look after decent food. Stock throughout the shoot, dried food makes for a very happy crew, and a happy crew is the lifeblood of your film.

3. GIVE GOOD BOUNDARIES

I really wanted to make that my first point: **BOUNDARIES ARE SO IMPORTANT**! If shooting DIY, NEVER EVER use the on-board microphones you have the proper XLR inputs and a quality mic. The most horrific lesson in the world is when you go back to review the footage from a day's shoot to find had a mic that sometimes it sounds hollow and you think, 'I'd just bring up the levels in post?' It won't work because when you dialling up the levels, up comes everything else – the ambient level of the room, the reverberant echo, the slight wind outdoors, the hum of the refrigerator or the air conditioning... There is also an old saying in film: 'When the sound is D*CKED, people come out of a film saying, "Wow – the lighting was great in this film".' The importance of sound is remarkably underappreciated because it often subliminal to the direct experience of a film. And yet it is one of the most important technical aspects to get right on the day.

For more words of wisdom, head to www.shootingpeople.com and turn over your next page.

Get Your Short Film
Funded, Made and Seen



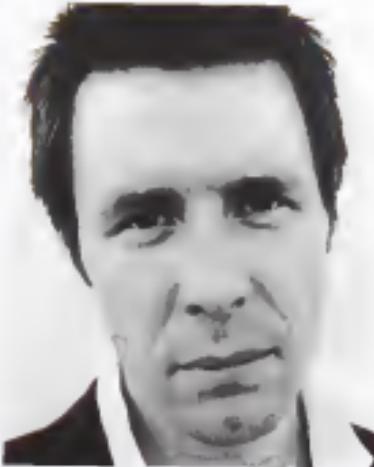
Taker of Cherries

Common actors are all about the first time; they need decent characters surviving because they're credible enough to last after, and conceivable enough to suggest it just might happen. Paddy Considine is one such man.

On a roadie's roadie, who knows his industry, having co-written *Dad's Army*, and picked up a BAFTA for her own documentary about *Dad's Army*, but it's what happens when an old prospect takes off, and understands the uses of film-making, too, to the detriment of starring his own in one while trying old dog for the nation to make up its a balance. "The unfortunate thing is, I can't do enough of the first film," he admits. "I've got to do the things that I want to do. I'd do what's interesting, but I have to do what's needed at the time."

Cutting through the merrydom balladeer, he's willing to purposefully voice a character's often 'needed' 'If I need some money, then I've done that in the past,' he says. "I like making films at home in England, but I can't afford my house to stay my flat and say that I'll only make films here. I'd be selling myself of experience." Experience and cash. But it's hard to find a soul who's been admiring the qualities of a 'boring' actor's life.

And so why, before we get all poem about it, the motivation to take a chance on an unknown director can be more stiff-stroking than a first appears. With more of Britain's young exports still struggling to prove their worth abroad, our most regular performances on the silver screen are the veneers – *John le Carré*, *Tom Hiddleston*, *Paul McCrane* or *Paul Footbridge* – those who've cracked up more screen time than any of them ever can remember. Yet with a past in the Rover's Return under *McKellen's* nose, or affair matey like *Bob Hoskins* a crack at a few drags *Not Fck*, and they're still easily swayed. They know the value of recognising their roots. The moral of the story is that the 'warred' career is not to be snubbed. Before



Sam Mendes, a young *EastEnders* regional off-shoot host and straight outta the set of *Believe It Or Not*, a film which maintained her credibility so that rate of the Atlantic, while her hip measurements did the talking on the other.

So Considine's often admirable and smart. "I just do the things that I want to do with the people that I like," he says. "If you want to like good projects and maintain the British tradition of 'keeping a reel' by scrapping them, then all is the good. The name of the first time *feature* shouldn't be dismissed if both commercial and well-received, characters you've been for the long-haul."

With Considine winning awards for the short film *Dad's Army*, his own directorial debut, he's fast adding strings to his bow too. But in what could bring added to the media system with *The Answer* (Dimension), he'd be happy to go back again. "I hope that I get the chance to work with Paul Greengrass again and show him what I can really do, that I've got more to give," he says. In the here of building a 'story' career in, it's time, too, scrapping even for our old darling *Not Fck*. As *EastEnders*, for one, is going the right way down in *John le Carré*.

Check out *Dad's Army* on now over **BFI**.

WIM WENDERS

Road Warrior

"My films have influenced many young filmmakers and continue all over the world," says German director Wim Wenders before adding, perhaps with a touch of sadness, "maybe due to my German roots. After all, I have lived in America for a long time. I have always been some sort of an outsider in Germany."

But it was as an outsider that this leading light of the New German Cinema made much of his best work in the '80s. Wenders' subject was America, perhaps surprisingly for someone born just after the end of the Second World War and who had grown up under the influence of the US. America was the greatest and, in some sense, Germany's future. "I was never so interested in the past," he says, acknowledging the failure of *The Berlin Story* in 1977. "I was strongly interested in the present tense."

After *the American Friend* (1977), specifically co-written to mark the BFI's massive retrospective, that ambitious and idiosyncratic study of the state of US culture, captured through the worldview of a Polish emigrant belonging to a disillusioned reporter, and scored by Krausian overstatements, came

In cinematographer Robby Müller's poetic framing, Wenders found a match for his artistic sensibility that had started with *the Enigma* (1973) and continued through *King of the Road* (1976), a bittersweet, by turns anachronistic study that David Thomson in *Encyclopedia of the Film* (1976) and continued through *King of the Road* (1976), a bittersweet, by turns anachronistic study that David Thomson in *Encyclopedia of the Film* (1976). Wenders and Müller's collaboration peaked with *The American Friend* (1977) – based on a Patricia Highsmith *Wiley* novel, and starring Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz alongside two of Wenders' idols, Sam Peckinpah and Nicholas Ray – and *Patriot, Patriot* (1984), with Harry Dean Stanton and Meryl Streep.



The script for the latter was from Stephen Spender (who he worked again with, Wenders as 2000's down-on-his-luck *Runaway*), and the memorable score was by Ry Cooder, with whom Wenders made music doc *Barrio Flora Social Club* (1991). The *Godfather's* *Four of the Penitentiary* (1973) matched on a novel by Peter Handke, who co-wrote with Wenders the historical *Days of Heaven* (1978), starring Dennis Hopper as an angel in Alaska. It was the first time the director had explored German history, albeit through a common poetry workshop.

The collaborations didn't always work, however. The bittersweet, sprawling *Until the End of the World* (1991) was written with Peter

Garrett, while TFF's *Die Buße* provided the inspiration for the director's lowest career point, *The Million-Dollar Hotel* (2004), featuring a hideously unhappy Mel Gibson.

Curiously, Wenders' three most popular films – *Wings of Desire*, *Patriot*, *Resent and Reconcile Flora Social Club* – have all been given away in his 2012 box-set *Wenders Box* (plus *Die Buße*). That says a great deal for one fondness for his work, though perhaps also something about our numbers: *Jesus Christ*.

For all that film and more at the BFI, *Wenders's* free *Wings of Desire* (1987), *Augwing Journey* (1997), or such a classic as *our mutually brief Journey*.

NICOLAI FUGLSIG

GOT THE SKILLS PAY THE BILLS

The word 'director' usually conjures up images of cinematic visionaries sculpting celluloid masterpieces. However, feature films are only a small part of the profession. We are exposed to the work of *many more directors* every time we turn on the television or click through a website. These are the *ad men*, and they range from the blindest purveyors of 'Buy, buy, buy' marketing messages, to a subtle blend of art and commerce crafted in the name of *lateral awareness*.

the master of the medium a Dutch-born director Nicolas Puglisi. Recently a prize-winning photojournalist, he made the transition film after a chance placing of a video camera on his bulletproof vest in Kosovo. "It was a natural change," he says. "I've always wanted to tell stories with pictures. With film, I can王者 it in a small, strange manner in a new way."

The search for small stories led

Puglisi to advertising. After gaining significant press for his Soap Boxes advert, he's now in the creative business at Gannett. It's a tough gig, following on from the likes of Jonathan Glazer, whose 1999 *Beef* is one of the most famous of all time. But Puglisi's offering does nothing to break with the brand's long-standing tradition of excess, absurd, fan and corporate power.

Producing a massive industrial documentary from the remote Argentinian town, the advert has the exacting geography and attention to detail to rival anything in Timbuktu. But that distance between the creative and the commercial begs the question of how the craft of a director can mix with the needs of the advertising executive. According to Puglisi, spent from a box of lies in 12 hours explaining the concepts of supply, community and the ever-present message of "It's good things come to those who wait," he was given a free rotation rate. "I was presented with the two sides that I couldn't change," he says. "You have to make that come alive in an environment that would feel commercial. As a director, I have to add all the detail to make the idea come to life. That was my job."

Na immer how seriously advertising can affect us, however, it still can't escape an intense desire, and that's no bad problem. Doesn't that teach the creative process? Puglisi does not. "There, when you are directing others, you are still a product. But directing film, you are also selling a story. I find that I am still trying to sell a story. I am less concerned about the product. My work doesn't appear like an advert, they are more mass-market I



always try to put the filmmaker in, even when I am doing advertising. To me, telling small stories is the key."

This narrative focus is what adverters are after these days. In the age of digital TV and internet streaming, audiences have become increasingly fragmented. This has compelled adverters to make the biggest possible impact in the shortest possible time. Directors who can create a visual opus that catches the viewer's attention are highly sought after indeed. And it's not just how we watch that's changed, but also the technology as well. Home cinema, high definition and 3D screens are becoming the norm, and with this, adverters need to be expensive filmmakers and positioned to keep up. It seems only logical that brand managers have turned to some of Hollywood's finest to achieve this — and are digging deep to pay for it.

"Advertising is changing," says Puglisi. "It's a much more competitive environment. We're trying to make each other and make great, new, interesting small stories. We're trying to make like film-making, not just trying to sell a product. I think that is what's inspiring filmmakers to come and try advertising, to experiment with new ideas."

Hollywood's love affair with the advertising world used to be one-way traffic, as the British version of the BBC was possessed by sound and a like

the Bond brothers and Alan Parker. Now the reverse is true: established Hollywood players are flocking to grab a slice of the action, and the cash that comes with it. Michael Bay is trying to *big-fy* *John Wick*, Wes Anderson is having *7700* and Martin Scorsese is enticing you to rack up some debt with *American Hustle*.

Furthermore, what used to be seen as selling poor and on the highest budget now holds a great deal of value — we might be about to see the second generation of *men making a big effort* filmmakers. "It's very important at how much respect and trust there is among studio executives and film producers generally about wanting to work with advertising directors," says Puglisi. "A lot of people I know of my generation are pushing more ideas. There will be a whole wave of movies coming out in the next few years that will be done by the 12 or so great experts in advertising — people like Frank Bridgers."

Puglisi himself is digging his toe into the film industry, although his remains tight-lipped about his plans: "I don't like to talk about my projects before I have actually done them because everyone is always talking about all the movies they're making," he says. "I prefer to make people wait and see." *Ed Andrew*

CROSSOVERS

Director past, present and future who like a lot of both — art and commerce

RIDLEY SCOTT

Coming hot tenth on effects for *Blade* in the 1980s without a studio prepared Scott to switch from art to film and *Blade Runner*. However, he couldn't resist returning to the old world in 2009 for his *Alien* advert for Apple Macintosh.

TOM KATZ

Despite directing *American History X*, Katz proudly put his name to the *Yahoo! Finance* advert and there quite frankly doesn't seem to be a connection to the *Blade Runner* director.

JONATHAN GLAZER

By the time he directed *Beef* in 2009, Glazer had already made *Die for You* (a Gannett, rated the best of all time), and has followed that with *Stop Smoking's* "Explaining pain in a dialogue drawing room" spot.

RUPERT SAUNDERS

Having directed the *Hide & Seek* advert (the card knew what we were — they're hunting), Saunders is currently re-making Richard LaGravenese's 1996 war drama *The Siege* for release in 2015.

FRANK BRIDGES

Ad-guru partly responsible for the ubiquitous Sony PlayStation branding of the last ten years, but, um, something cinematic. Well, um, but no one connected with The Bridges would tell us.

GENRE SPECIFIC

DADDY'S SAUCE



There is nothing that connects these stories. There'll be an attempted succession of suspense and sophomore psychology. No plodding, air-puffing or lumbist journeysman diversions or the excesses of perfectly nice men and women. These films have substance; they want to be solid, decent pictures. And they need to be, because that's what the films poor *Wall* loves, and he has precious little time for jump-cuts, long fades, subtleties or Czech narration. What he wants is straightforward, straightforward action and straightforward men. So here they are — just don't tell your mom you stayed up to watch them.

You can understand Jonathan Henshaw's (*That House on the Hill*) current shift in *The Other Boleyn Girl*. Imagine you've been lacking around a low-level *Screenwriter* career for a while, perhaps as a piano tuner or manager on the BBC game show, or as a part-time pretender for a corporate sales position, when you notice a new-found taste for fine horses and brawls. Test the writing rate of 30 and your historical rats studied before the show could even get your name right. "Boleyn," you think, "We have a teacher?"

But the logic propels Henshaw from government human to an amateur studio for Boleyn, his co-ed sounding ways are stymied when he's forced back to the killing floor by The Agency and its climate-controlled sauna bays, where obsession with maximisation will lead to all kinds of new, bound-out Boleyn. Henshaw's out to find the hanging killer of his old partner in a secret deep undercover as part of a shadow team attempting the roundabout barge, where the action will be betrayed by his happy snapshots and the march of other cock men.

The plot is ludicrous, the values reprehensible and Henshaw's awkward amateurish charm make the glories look positively revolting. "I thought I'd gone up rope," he tells his giggling female co-conspirator, "but I think I've changed my mind." It's only tangible when you realize that it's real characters say the monologue.

Opposites are some of the most interesting characters to film, and *Wall* has used all of his own traits. Even though he didn't have to.

Clint's narrative prevarications were really dark in comparison to the bottomless greed in the subsequent *Monsoon's Gate*, *Adaptation* the tragic. "Raise the *Titantic*" demands barker Lou Grimaldi, "it would have been cheaper to lower the *Albion*." Three years of rape, film-making on the sly maximum and \$40 million later, the movie digged from its savings and sailed one abortion, up against *The Da Vinci Code* in the summer blockbuster wars. It doesn't take a genius to work out that the real drama played out off-screen, from the wild lobbies of the \$40-plus, can-cation-a-gallon winter tank, to the pathology machine that prepared the experience of a lifetime.

The result is a long, slow prelude to a spectacular, watery misery that's the stuff of despairing. For the rest of the time, the opening, plotting around the race to save a man in peril from falling into the hands of the Russians is only heightened by an alarmingly smarmy script. "If Dark says he can handle it, I'm willing to go to the President and do my best to push it through," promises Jason Roberts, and running for *Coriolis By Any Means*. And yet the project won't be far-fetched, in 1979, high, young, would-be gone soldier Spencer Isabell actually considered raising the heat as a genuine business opportunity before his big star and moved into the equally adventurous world of celebrity calendars.

But this is science, of course, and though no human swimming seasons had ranged underwater many may wish unfulfilled during an audience. *Wall* never made it to that six choices with Park Power. Why? Because he had you, you greatest little girl. three times a year when only a pony, middle-aged lady in a barge will really eat it. Jeanne Caillet made *The Boleyn* and *Wall* when she was about 45 and at the height of her *Boleyn*'s River look, and they intersectively because choices of

tylors shared Boleyn new costumes.

Spun-off from the novel by her equally vulgar sister, Jacqueline, *The Boleyn* eventually *Lady Chatterley's Lover* for the charmed cloth "n" cheeky sex, with Ruth Moran's old brawny star Oliver Tobias in the *Wileman* role. Brought in by Caillet to run her nightrails — and to have been based on Johnny Gault's "No celebrity" danceroo, *Trump* — Tobias is running *The Da Vinci* with both Caillet and her step-daughter in an explanation that's undeniably preposterous style. Aside from some dimwitted and malevolent Moran, and the absence of Tobias' over-exposed jockey, there's almost nothing to separate *The Boleyn* from *Monsoon*, *The Titantic*, or *Calico* characters.

Promised Kindred, looks a paradise of drooping flesh and pencil-like fingers in a world where Cliff Dawson off *There's a Girl in My Neighborhood*. And there's a curious effect of wrong-fit, the low-rent depiction of this favored world of dirty privilege makes for a kind of sexual desecration whose even the vampires of *Vampire Diaries* think, "I reckon I'd have a chance there!" And for Caillet, the success of whom, both men of apparently knowledges more. *Boleyn*, when he opened the door it was just a man in a fedora offering her cheap Italian pasti. *Calico* without *Pastri*.

DADS' DELIGHTS

CARAVAN TO TACCALES (1964)

Dir. Geoffrey Hayes
Rarely used *Brooks Atkinson* stagey shudder from Alastair Similes with spot-on belly dancing sequences.

THAT LOVLY TOUCH (1970)

Dir. Christopher Mitas
Rarely made comedy in which Roger Moore and Elizabeth Taylor reprise their *Heavy Metal* from *Caravan* lighter child.

THE WILD GINGER (1973)

Dir. Andrew V. McLaglen
Socie to be made feel young, and columnists necessary copy.

DVDS



**AKI KURVISMAKI COLLECTION: THE LENINGRAD COWBOYS (1986-1984)
DIR. AKI KURVISMAKI
AVAILABLE NOW**

Over the last three months, we have been treated to DFD's grand range of pretty much the entire back catalogue of Finland's greatest cult slasher-cum-western, *Aki Kurvismaki*. The fourth (and final) volume collects his director's three collaborations with Leningrad Cowboys, a band of six rock 'n' roll outlaws who mix politics, red folk and, well, pretty much anything in their music. Sparring acrobatics, mad quaffs, tiny black cocktail hats and enormous winkle pickers, the acrobaticus band are ushered around the planet by their drummer, mystery boarding pass manager Elefham (Kurvismaki's regular Matti Jokela again).

Described by an American as "the worst film in the history of the cinema, unless you count Sylvester Stallone's", the first (and best) disc is a brilliant, if a little dead pan odyssey from 1985, *Leningrad Cowboys Go America*, which sees the band plucked from shanty-town (by playing a gig in the middle of a field in Siberia) and told that if they will fight and sacrifice they should go to America where "people will listen to any shit". So, without further ado, they grab the frozen corpse of their dead bass player (Olli) and head to New York where they are quickly hired to play a wedding down in Staten Island. They buy a car (Mitsubishi Lancer) and head back with loads full of dreams and (but no, there is mostly no money) a hell of a lot of rock'n'roll. It's all road trip, roller-skating and packed with plenty of laughs and dead sumo men, but it's also an unashamedly campy romp, to find the film a realful, honest-to-goodness cult classic.

Cast of one regular DPF, Tuomo Salomaa.

The second disc, *Assigned Cowgirls After Meets* (1984), returns to the band a few years down the line. Many of the original Leno's up (we are informed by a pre-emptive sequence) have died from over-consumption of liquids. So Elefham is drafted to stand in as another road trip, this time back home to Siberia. It's basically more of the same, though with slightly diminished energy. There's obviously a bigger budget. One scene where the Cowboys hatch a raft back to Europe in the wing of a plane is probably the most technically elaborate (not the director has ever treated), but the music isn't as catchy and the moments of comedy not as far from supply than the excellent original. They are rounded off with the 'straight' concert film, *Badaboom* (1991), in which the band played to an audience of 75,000 in Helsinki's Senate Square, and were immensely backed by the 140-strong Red Army Choir. While they are often accused of being 'the Worst Rock Band In The World', from this evidence, the Cowboys have got more talent between them than the entire UK pop chart put together. Adding a personal spin or eleven with 'Deaf' and 'Smacking' of Hitler's 'Beer', it's one of those constants that you really wish you could have annotated. They've well deserve the rewards now. Let other cagnons give in to press, they will have just been house band at the year's European Film Awards, so, <http://www.eyesout.com> (David Jenkins)



NOT HERE TO BE LOVED (2005)

DIR: STEPHANE BRIZÉ

AVAILABLE: NOW

Stephane Brizé's second feature is a stripped-down tale of aging love and sexual obsession. Middle-aged build-it-from-scratch (Patrick Chomer) appears to have salvaged from his now-adolescent old father (Georges Wilson) a family motto that's alone, better and unbroken... but then he meets a young girl and meets the younger Priscilla (Clara Coquerel). It is essentially a man-on-a-mission, but the assimilation is never restrained, the centrally honest steps, and the faint note of hope at the end, coming when no much black is elsewhere, feels like a full second reward for character and viewer alike. Extras include interviews with the director and the two leads. *James Duff*

PRINCESS (2005)

DIR: ANDERS MORGENTHALER

AVAILABLE: FEBRUARY 23

Far from mere used-to-Dorothy's gaudy whimsions, watching this vengeful extrusion strands of a clinging man on a dripping oil-soaked oil his deceased son's past career as "The Princess" may be odd and unsettling. August is the aggrieved party who becomes possessed by his dead son's, the princess' daughter, and decides to seek out paraphrager Chantal, the man apparently responsible for all that has gone before. Morgenthaler's imagery, however, purrs the same with digital. During editing, red" score to create the events of the past, ensuring the resonance and atmosphere. Fantasy and weirdness remain fascinatingly paired as August grasps to protect his daughter from her own reality. *Ed O'Byrne*



EXODUS (2007)

DIR: PENEY WOOLCOCK

AVAILABLE: NOW

To transport a tale of horribly biblical proportions to the modern chaos of a small town in India is an audacious undertaking, indeed. No one still plays plodding politician Pharaoh Moses, but no one infuses the interpretation of immigrants on a not-so-distant future. Director Peneh Woolcock is the adopted son, Moses, who, according to his research, takes up the cause of those living on the wrong side of the Morgan fence. Inspired by the film's enduring image—the burning of Anthony Quinn's extra-corporeal "Moses" statue—Moses uses it to both fear and fuel to lead the exiles to the Promised Land in what should have been a gripping paroxysm of Islamic experimentation. Unfortunately, however, the film fails overreliance by surgical in emphasis fail in one, chronically far as own subversion. *Ed O'Byrne*

KLAMT (2006)

DIR: RAUL RUIZ

AVAILABLE: NOW

The series of gorilla mask carnivals at a cage circuit by immobilized prostitutes is one of the few scenes at which this biopic comes alive. From Klamt's death bed, his life is portrayed in a final series of metamorphoses, using authentic events to evoke *Jo de cada Tierra*. John Malkovich plays the wheelchair-bound author (again) but the film, like the broken mirror and fragments of gold leaf that scatter throughout, courts an indifferent response. From one angle it's a lavish deposition of an interesting figure at an interesting time. Told of a person and, as the voice himself declares of all of his works, "It's a fucking wedding cake made of shit." *Ed O'Byrne*





Hard Graft and Football

A BEER AND A WORD
WITH THE BOYS FROM *IN THE HANDS OF THE GODS*

"It's not just a film about football, it's about five lads and their hopes and dreams," says Ben Whiston, producer of *In the Hands of the Gods* — a documentary following a group of freestyle footballers breaking and blagging their way from New York to Mexico City to meet Diego Maradona. "The film is a tribute to the hard graft and perseverance of Wendy, Jason, Malley, Jussey and Woody as they span two continents in searching for their own skill and dreams."

"It was just a silly idea at first," says Woody, "using only our football skills to meet the best footballer in the world, but the more we thought about it, the more we realized we could really

do it." In order to maximize the film's producers' of their results, the five were sent back to their rapper in Leicester Square. They ended up rapping in 'The Sherry'.

During filming, the crew were under strict instructions to offer the lads absolutely no help at all. "They wouldn't even let us brush our teeth in their room," Wendy laughs.

"It caused quite a bit of tension at the time," adds Ben, "but it was very important to the film. It wouldn't have been the same without it. It spurred them on."

Maradona himself played a part in forming this rugged and belief. "For me, he is just absolutely talented," says Woody. "When I was growing up,

I would just watch videos of him all the time. The fact that he came from the slums to be the best player on the planet is an inspiration for me."

"He also went through the whole cocaine saga. Everyone abhored him but he came out of it a better person. He's like me. I went through similar things," says Jason who, prior to the trip, had found himself on the wrong side of the law. "Maradona, he's found work as a model, promoting himself that he's 'still in the struggle and success'."

Did they succeed in shaking the 'Hand of God'? You'll have to watch and find out. *See sidebar*

In the Hands of the Gods is released on 27/1/03 on January 14.



AFTER LIFE (1998)
DIR: KOREEDA HIROKAZU
AVAILABLE: NOW

What happens when you die? There have been plenty of films exploring this question, but the answer preferred in this The follow-up to Koreeda Hirokazu's acclaimed 1993 *AfterLife*, is nothing if not original. The recently departed arrive at a halfway house resembling a dilapidated school, not officially informed of their death, and required to choose an ancestry from their earthly lives to accompany them into the hereafter. Played as farce and including a fair amount of irreverent footage with ordinary people, the director's absurdistic technique balances the weirdness of the postmortem, and the die to make genuinely touching moments. *Sally Shuster*



TRANSYLVANIA (2008)
DIR: TONY GATLIFF
AVAILABLE: FEBRUARY 18

This is the second recent DVD release in follow series French 32 – something's breaking out (the other, *Zorg*, was a surprise hit from Brazil), made on thin financial leads double their demands. In *Zorg*, it's the ownership of a rural castle, in *Transylvania*, it's Zorgany's (Chris Aggen) long-lost love, Mrs. Rumanian (Monica Bellucci) – who breaks his heart and almost destroys his soul. So goes Zorg's unanticipated mix of self-discovery and raw carnality set in a repetitive giddy blur. It's a movie, however, less story-puzzled by a spiritually ignorant, but so bottomless vulgarity, both time. *Google Melby*

MASTERS OF CINEMA: SAMURAI DAYU & GION BAYASHI (1953, 1954)
DIR: KENJI MIZOGUCHI
AVAILABLE: NOW

High melodrama, tragedy and intense performances – it would be wrong not to cite these classic entries as the *EastEnders* Christmas special. Fortunately in this case it's a rare double-bill release from Kino, Mizoguchi, master of Japanese cinema. Set in mid-19th-century Edo, *Samurai Dayū* of 1953 straddles a tragic history, fraudulence and exploitation in the face of a broad-minded, and a refreshingly frank about the thorny issues of prostitution. Meanwhile, the lesser-known *Gion Bayashi* as a more contemporary, if less thoughtful proceeding, where an experienced female with maternal inclinations takes a grizzled-as-a-pain, gay, under her wing. It may sound familiar and it is strikingly similar in plot, but after the unrelenting tedium of *Double Dago*, the light relief in this one's dark film reveals a filmmaker trying to make sense of Japan's place in a post-war world. Social injustice, oppression and the constant in reverse, it's easy to see a country coming to terms with its own war crimes of war as an awkward companion. But the influences of Buddhism and the aesthetics of traditional Japanese art also lend the film's simple touch, a warning they're as relevant now as they were on their day of release. *Edward Paice*



WC FIELDS: THE MOVIE COLLECTION (1932-1944)
DIRS: VARIOUS
AVAILABLE: NOW

It's a forgivable affront not to have heard of William Claude Fields Jr. This American comedian, writer and pugilist, well known to the grand-parent generation, started in 1917 (he became MGM and MPA, but now's the time to get down with the 10 of them included in this set).

Fields' party frame, bulbous nose and fondness for drunk out the hump characters he plays. But his genius was in affecting his manner over dimensional roles with wacky, quirky under-

plots of the bunch include *Africanized* (1945), which finds the role of pariah Tom Thompson (Clark Gable)'s wife, with a little help from the hapless Commandant Joffre (Fields), gains ownership of the Rolling Stones' Africanized lion in the wacky voice of a baby-field name.

It's a Gift (1940) sees Fields play a long-pecked husband and long-suffering father. In an early scene, he's thrown a car around by his self-centered daughter, who kicks the master and breaks his car in two. One more horrendous display of father-ness, as Fields then struggles to fulfill his unique dream — owning an orangutan.

Alibi in Law, Fields the Lawyer (1944) was deemed too boorish for the times during wartime. A host of stars were drafted in, and the plot has a ridiculous place in culture-war entertainment. Fields features as an attorney along with other big names such as Orson Welles and Marlene Dietrich. Some expertly crass show dogs don't make up for the fact that we don't get to hear Dietrich sing, but look out for those sequips.

This collection is bound to appeal to lovers of old Hollywood, the studio system and its black-and-white films of a bygone era. The music of WC Fields is a solidified but sprightly fire that won't die down and given this buyer's greedy spirit, it's exhaustingly but rewarding work. *Alibis*!

THE SEVENTH SEAL:
50TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL EDITION (1957)
DIR: INGMAR BERGMAN
AVAILABLE: NOW

To who does the precept of black-and-white gloom, take heart? & #39;8 plus golden, cranking fourteenth-century Swedish is the perfect backdrop for this man's famous and now-film-revived exploration of death and the human condition. It's chock full of knights, beans, logic, gunn, rappers, and some cap on the top Swedish flag on. And the others battle in earnestness, plus a few song and dance routines, and you may just make it to the end. If the holly pass of work, and a little more enlightened at that. Extras include some silent footage from the art, plus Bergman's short from 1916, *Karolins Fack*. *Jesus*! *Jesus*!



SHREK THE THIRD (2007)
DIR: CHRIS MILLER
AVAILABLE: NOW

Full of largely dexterous American MOR music crassly mashed and over each other, *Shrek The Third* is a mordant, a howl. Story told true, made so slight and cringe seems to not a country road and stretching the character's feelings. Elsewhere of course, is the kind of heightened emotion so dead that makes the *Shrek* films so watchable, even in the last (or not) in a list of money-making movies. While it takes an attempt to an fantasy profession slightly too far, as man's own cynicism for, something seems wrinkles you back entails. That damn Shrek can get us every time. *George* *Winks*!



Animal Magic

NEW ZEALAND'S 'OTHER' FILMMAKER,
EAGLE VS SHARK DIRECTOR TAKA COHEN.



"Free-spirited" Cohen, making films for about four years, says New Zealand director Taika Cohen, a man who's modest about his own good fortune. "I kind of just fell into it in a way."

Prior to directing, Cohen had already established himself as a performer in the New Zealand film scene. Weddings, New Zealand. However, as was the director that he became increasingly recognized after *The Greys, One Night* — a short film about kids reading books in a pub car park — earned him an Oscar nomination. It's something he hasn't quite recovered from. "I just started writing ideas for screenplays while I was doing a really boring acting

job and thought I should try a short film. I gave the script to my friend who was producer and we applied for funding and got it made. Just like that!" he laughs. Pretty simple then.

However, as simple as it may sound, that career break was backed up with some significant events, and this is where the evidence in his full-length film, *Eagle vs Shark* — a coming-of-age drama — shines. Every of Cohen's credits, *Grey* and *Greys* (along with his mother) have been made in a rural New Zealand town.

"I wanted a mixture of country and drama," he says. "It's essentially dysfunctional people stumbling around in emotional landscapes, just trying to

make their way through." *Greys* in California was long-term girlfriend Lauren Merle, who plays good-natured drifter, Lulu, the Native Indian mother, a very time in her lesson. "All of the stories are based on stories that I've been in and a lot of stories and memories that I found weird or interesting. A lot of the traits in *Greys* I can see in a younger version of myself — the frustration of wanting to be someone else."

With such acclaim for *Eagle vs Shark*, should we be expecting to see a lot more films emerging from the land of the long white cloud? Cohen is doubtful. "In New Zealand, unless you're Peter Jackson, you're just an independent filmmaker struggling to get funding. There's not really an industry." He's the probably founder of New Zealand Film Commission holding the purse strings and the current chairman, that being to say, it is again down to Cohen's good fortune that such an offbeat film was granted funding. "The script for *Eagle vs Shark* would have been hard to sell if I hadn't got a Oscar nomination. You very lucky and have had such great timing."

But despite his success, Cohen continues to be self-critical. "I feel I'm just part of the un-cinematography in Wellington. I won't move to America because I'm nervous of my peers' perception of me. I don't want to be that guy who sells out. If I can keep at home, make my films with support and funding then I'll be happy." And if he keeps up the good work, we will see.

Eagle vs Shark is out on DVD on January 22.



1200 EAST OF BUCHAREST (1986)
DIR. CORNELIU POJARNUCCI
AVAILABLE: NOW

Romanian director Corneliu Porumboiu's first film carries the country's 1989 revolution. It's heavy on violence, bleak and grim to make them Eastern European hell-john. Vergil (Ilierescu) is a man of TV prestige, strumming a discotheque wave about the day of the revolution in his town. A sort of monk Father Christian (Oscar Andronescu) and an alcoholic teacher (Dan Stoian) are his guests on a television program, with the former especially mouthy. Like a jester, drunk Bobby Bunion. It's maddily poleaxed, and wonders about the slippery and elusive nature of truth, but it's a shabby sideshow sketch, sketchy, sweep-music and achingly depressing nothing that you'll remember. *Tim Giese*



AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY: 10TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION (1997)
DIR. JAY ROACH
AVAILABLE: NOW

Nothing says "I hate 1997" more than a thin, hypersexualized man of mystery from the '90s. Part time around, Austin Powers had people shouting "We believe" at one another to his flagrant lechiness (even if they were flagrant) and now they're invited to do it all again a decade later. But here's the catch: We could wish away the passage of time. It's still lots of fun, and even if you already know it inside and out, the analgesic enough to gently turn back the clock. *Gregory Cowley* *Deadline*



SERAPHIM FALLS (2006)
DIRECTOR: DAVID VON ANCHEN
AVAILABLE: NOW

Marking the emergence of a new film genre we'll call "stunt porn," *Seraphim Falls* is much more than a madcap western or the now inspiring vision of the mid-'90s. It's best that rugged Civil War veteran Tom Nealon hasn't got a retirement from the grueling Pierre Bourgoin, although their macho rough and tumble seems merely a subplot to the mythical, apocalyptic buildup of America's wild frontier. Despite an essay packed, can-and-bloose opening, the film ends off, failing miserably with a cartoon metaphor about along the way it would have been much better with a Devil. *Adam* *Leibowitz*



SLACKER (1991)
DIR: RICHARD LINKLATER
AVAILABLE: JANUARY 7

Spots where kids sit at a cultural theory, teenagers get blacked up and off-campus bands' game face, ripped jeans and long hair from David Madison's counterculture makes an appearance when a slacker in a worn-out jacket returns to tell the world about his new thriving hipster. "You can tell, see the pulse," he says. "It's like I have just had a passing." But slackers don't work, so the movie goes on and buying kids into psychobabble. *Slacker* and *Confessions*, that is. Linklater's vision fails on the even, cultured, and the unassisted 20 something writers of *Amélie*, *From Afar* and for granted, its more structured plot is a rough diamond, a spelling signal of what jewels were to come. *George Miller*

Feel the Font

QUITE HOW PEOPLE CAN ARGUE OVER A TYPEFACE IS BEYOND MOST OF US, BUT AS GARY HUSTWIT'S *HELVETICA HITS* DVD, WE PRESENT TWO SIDES OF THE ARGUMENT THAT'S CAPTIVATED THE WORLD.



I love Helvetica. From the treadmill-shaped spines of the letters, and all the way through to the curves in the tail of the capital 'W', and all of the horizontal and vertical intervals in between. It just works. I love the consistency of the weight of each character and the fact that no single letter needs an iso hewey, never too light, all too equal, simple and yet so beautiful. It's a dangerous comfort blanket, always there, making us make things feel good.

As was discussed last, Helvetica "lets the words do the talking, not the typeface," and used well, it can be used anywhere. It's not necessarily enough for official purposes, but has an air of Simplicity that makes it suitable for less formal purposes. It looks just as comfortable in a bookshelf as it does on a party invitation.

Helvetica is a typeface. That's why it's still going, that's why people keep using it. No company dare not make a tiny bit with a serif font to the giddiness of *Argento Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and demand that by being played a *Julien Assange*.

It's a shame that Helvetica, a typeface heralded as being so "neutral" on the page of its creators, and which *Helvetica* had "no meaning itself", has later become so legendary that a world-spanning documentary has been made about it. It's been, but glorious.

The simpler those are, the stronger they stand. Helvetica's huge success and longevity, you could argue, is, of course, derivative.



"We were impressed [by Helvetica] because it was more neutral, and 'neutral font' was a word that we loved... It should've have a meaning in itself."

So says Wim Crouwel, influential Dutch typographer and designer. It's no surprise that it was the Swiss, of all people, who developed a typeface that has absolutely no opinion whatsoever. Only time will tell whether or not Helvetica is the galaxy of handwriting. Nam gold. Typographic representations can be made in jeans across the world, in in Times New Roman.

Imagine that two girls sit on a train talking about their design project. The subject of "what is Helvetica", from graphic and market research to (Graffiti). "Look at Helvetica for everything." Pantastic work, ladies. What a triumph. This aside, it's a equivalent of Hugh Beaufort Whittingell trying to cook anything but soup, **FOREVER**. It's natural! Tofu has the air of eating soup for itself, maintaining without Service, makes free designs.

To like what we want? Apparently so. Helvetica and its brethren are easy to come by, like chips out of the visual diet that we bombard on every day. There are even websites dedicated to the construction of them, a similarly tedious rip off of the *Requiem of Database*. To my joy, you know, *yes*. Get a grip. At the last count there were 800 redesigns on *Helvetica*, and all we ever hear about is *printing Helvetica*.

The world is full of variety, beauty, optimism and colour, but we choose to reduce the presentation of information to the various common denominator. Will conglomerates, you can keep it.

Ben Pearson studied graphic design at Canterbury College of Art and the Royal College of Art, London. He has never used Helvetica in a commercial context.

Helvetica is out now on DVD. If you're one of the other two people who can't, do above click on the helvetica.com



SKETCHES OF FRANK GEHRY (2006)
DIR: SYDNEY POLLACK
AVAILABLE: NOW

Age is and ages in this documentary about the architect Frank Gehry, we see his soft-childish drawings transformed into huge, building buildings like the previous Guggenheim museum in Bilbao. A surprising sort of evolution. Considerably belying, childhood, he sketched in color with wax glasses (he later gives us the Guggenheim and we see his sketches and so present up there). Unfortunately, it's a much a film about different architects, of whom you get a lot of practice shots as for Gehry. It's also impossible to do justice to the magnitude of Gehry's buildings, because ultimately a film about architecture is a bit like an impressionist dance about music. *These Guggs*



ROCKET SCIENCE (2007)
DIR: JEFFREY BLITZ
AVAILABLE: JANUARY 7

A disappointing feature debut from Jeffrey Blitz (director of the excellent documentary, *Spitballs*), *Rocket Science* sticks to the formula for success, and that has been done (Gates and Crellin) and done (*Myers & Rosen*) and done (*High School*). Taken an embittered football (in this case a motoring high school lad who wants to join the future team), Blitz has against the conventions of conventional modern society with an unlikely kindred spirit, and watch that over 30 quirky cameos drama unfold. By moving away from documentaries, Blitz lost a charm he took from the real world where there isn't a script. What's left is a hollow and one-dimensional film. *Marty Lawyer*



BONE DRY (2007)
DIR: BRETT A. HART
AVAILABLE: NOW

Long-time *House* (not commonly known as that Mike who played *Buildings* as *Abbot*) Jameson, like Goss (from *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*), we must never be allowed to forget with his ravenous and hand-dancing rants in the blizzard, his desire with the help of a walkie-talkie and a sniper rifle. The novelty of seeing a former pop star suffering from PTSD (that's what we've got) ("I'm failing her anyway") having nothing but a sketchy script, a huge dose of inappropriacy and twists that you are coming a mile off. Fugazi made for reference, that would disgust YouTube. *Ad Adverb*



THE BOTHERSOME MAN (2006)
DIR: JENS LINN
AVAILABLE: JANUARY 26

Norwegian director Jens Linn's *The Bothersome Man* sees Andress welcomed into a new life at a new town where all is exactly as it seems – as a model home, a smoky, over-garbed and a very white human life is without the human condition. This could be horrific as this could be hell. Andress is first pleased and then pleased with his newfound life. Finally becomes frustrated and seeks a way out through a symbolic opening in a basement wall. And in one cut-and-paste, grisly and atmospherically on the viewer's psyche with, with relief and grey black humor, we perceive that resides a room full of red, green and primary normality. The film succeeds in maintaining without relapse in clever twists and devices. *These Guggs*

Homer & Eddie

EX-RENT HELL

DIRECTOR: ANDREI KONchalovsky

STARRING: WHOopi Goldberg
JAMES BELUSHI
JOHN WATERS

BOX NOTABLES: MISLEADINGLY WACKY FONTS.

TAGLINE: 'SHE'S RUTHLESS - HE'S WITLESS - THEY'RE ON THE ROAD TOGETHER AND FALLING APART AT THE SEAMS.'

TRAILERS: *MERMAIDS*
AMERICAN FRIENDS
THELMA AND LOUISE
TRUST
NAVY SEALS

CHERRYPICK: "I ALWAYS HAVE A MILKSHAKE BEFORE SEX."

Amidst a noisy meeting Jim Belushi invites us to join him in the belief that he is somehow continuing his reign by passionately brandish rock 'n' roll through 1970's sheets of copies. *Homer & Eddie* Deep. seed by his comic partner to the bawds of a decayed late-form mainstream cults getting behind on the megaphony's major by full back in Little League (deep breath), Homer has long since been abandoned to us his days as a baseball phenom instead retired - his words - sprawled across the *Tele* Bell mentors and spent copies of *Base & Bonus* that later the perch of the displaced culture at new editions. But when new copies that did not pass the *Ghost Invincible*, then or quite his job as pharmacologist (not evolution, erosion has held) where the sun don't shine and not even across the one *Macbeth* shall eardrums of Trish for the funeral.

Physically evocative *Homer's* dashingly by way of a *Braveheart* role playing, the dandy god of a certain pig, and a final expression redundant of its typically calloused *Ghost Hardy*, it comes as no surprise that Belushi is cubed blood before he reaches the city limits. Cry our feed with still John

Waters, on low). He three-foot hist little subsequent choice has to fall in with a Whoopi Goldberg who's going totally postal with the role of escaped mentalist Edwina Cress - a foul-mouthed Christmas Reindeer with a tattoo on the toe of a toe-kid that in half string her bows from within and forcing her to continue acting with shouting.

Together they mean up for a hokey, meh-meh road trip that rapidly descends into a maddening amalgam of *ABC* fuel with *Devil's Due* *The Attractor* that can best be engorged by readers, that though with indigent lighting, even changing film stocks and gas-watching pump-ups, and where the only thing moving faster than the body count is the terrible apprehension that the two leads might actually die it on.

One word, that's pretty much it until we finally reach the dark, lymphatic fields of the Oregon hills where Waters goes manic at the wake and Eddie gets blown over holding up Whoopi with a pitchfork. The following, however, that last and a making place on one, both, or either of the main characters is ambiguous - is it *East* *Desperation of *Chest** - it hard to think

Helped by the warped Razzies in which belief if you thought workshop *Amazing Grace* and *Golden Slipper*/Kurt Russell's *Tagger* or *Gork*, *Homer & Eddie* would seem to serve as the odd-cousin of one man's unhelpful press conference with violently delusional flagrancy and singular inaneance change.

Finally liberating under an working title, *John & Eddie*, long time post-production, *Homer & Eddie* transports us to a lobe-sprawling, Bazaar World where ya' pic the Belushi art constantly and aligned with many projects, and the series of incorporate filmmakers have seek to far beneath the plied line that envelop crop like *Atom Man* and *Driving Miss Daisy* regularly edging their back. Much like dark mirror, the mysteries of consciousness and the plot of *Monty Python*, any effort to study, get to or fully cover the cinematic agent play within our *PC* problem moments in a ship docked by the extremely willing robes of Belushian's immobile Principle of Transparency that renders over the most well intentioned attempt at meaningful expression. English is best not fucking hard at work.





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CHAPTER SIX

don't believe the hype.
Incoming movies laid bare



Rudo y Cursi. By Chris Quigley

STORY Clinton Cluster is Alfonso's little brother, and has a remembrance credit for *T Tu Mezcal*. *Thief* — the only known road movie that current Gov. García Ferrer wrote an object of worship-looking for millions of pesos (and won't) old enough to know better. Here, Ferrer returns the favor, playing opposite Roma on-and-Méjico bats an *explotar* debut feature, a score romp about rural sublings. Now we know what you're thinking — another Mexican sports comedy? But *Rudo y Cursi* has the pedigree to be a genuine classic. Report the bandit fugitive offspring of *Desperado* and *Gringos*'s *Girl*, in which case, pronto! **BBK** Late 2008

Shine A Light. By Mark Schaefer

We've heard it before and we'll say it again: Martin Scorsese as the only sustainable director for Hollywood's greatest documentary. In their biopic of Bob Dylan and Bob Dylan, *The Last Waltz* and *No Direction Home* displayed a heart-sharp sense of the wide stories that few exceed the sense of visual history. The stories are not just any bards; they're among the few survivors from the era that started before today's ubiquitous hype, excess, sex, or, as a refugee from his time — perhaps the last of the '70s breakups still producing anything contemporary worth lob yourself this: an 80-year band will win Academy by making a film about the *Followers*. **Will** be back. **BBK** April 2009

Diary of the Dead. By George K. Roman

STORY As much as we love George A. Romero — and we really do — it's hard to get away from the disappointment of *Dawn of the Dead*. Is there's the end of the world (well, not apparently speaking) look at also won't be *The Firstborn* *Hour of the Dead*. At any rate, *Diary of the Dead* may offer a chance for the franchise to reinvent itself. Reminiscent style, rather than continuing the cycle of the first four films, this drops a bone of student filmgoers in the middle of a zombie outbreak. That may sound a lack *zombie-movie-diller* kind, but hell — George invented the zombie film, so we'll give him a break. **Book up: Diary of the Dead**, a bizarre horror opus. **BBK** March 2008

Angels & Demons. By Ben Hecht

STORY Good news: the Hollywood studios' studios have discontinued work on the follow-up to *Collateral Damage*. The *De Palma* doof. Bad news: much like Jason Verhoesec last of the *Summer Wars*, true evil cannot be killed outright, merely slowed down: *Angels* (as we, at least, are going to call it) is now slated for a 2009 release, which should at least give *Monsters* (with enough time to make an apology for her participation in their many marks of offense) down the embittered action passes, where Goldman will resume the role of his \$4 million *overplay* (remember: you can't polish a turd, but you can certainly even nice cash for trying). **BBK** Summer 2009





Persepolis.

Dir. Marjane Satrapi. *Mojave* 2007

For the world's most popular novelist for non-fictional memoirs and fikhi karamas, Marjane has a reputation for being an over-maniac kind of piece. This emoticon has sadly fallen into question, however, now that the enlightened authorities have sent her to her Persepolis from the city's annual film festival. The Iranian government eventually backed to pressure from Iranian officials, who are rare to be pleased about the growing numbers of the award-winning波波·萨特拉皮 (Marjane Satrapi) 's acclaimed graphic novel, and the autobiographical tale of a young girl's troubled life under Islamic rule, presented through simple yet provocative black and white illustrations, it's already packed up the jury prize at Cannes, and further citations are only likely to fuel public interest. Let's hope so, at any rate. **ETC April 2008**

The Changeling.

Dir. Christopher

Christopher Guest is one of those Hollywood curiosities — a comic virtuoso, a genuine moviegoer who's never had a hit, and by all accounts has decency in a remarkable career spanning six decades. But that doesn't mean we have to like him, or his formulaic, conservative, Republican films. *Peep! Peep!* (all "crazier") will "be" *Woman* will "be" *The Changeling*, headed by Rosemary's predecessor, and starring Andie MacDowell, who are rare to be pleased about the growing numbers of the award-winning波波·萨特拉皮 (Marjane Satrapi) 's acclaimed graphic novel, and the autobiographical tale of a young girl's troubled life under Islamic rule, presented through simple yet provocative black and white illustrations, it's already packed up the jury prize at Cannes, and further citations are only likely to fuel public interest. Let's hope so, at any rate. **ETC April 2008**

The Box.

Dir. Richard Kelly

With a nod to such a genre-busting outlier as *Body*, Richard Kelly is already hard at work on this adaptation of an unpublished Richard Matheson short story about a ditzy couple who are given a mysterious gift — a box with a button on top which, when pressed, will give them \$200,000 but at the cost of the life of somebody they don't know. The absolute savagery that Kelly's *Donnie Darko* received obviously didn't daunt Cameron Diaz and James Marsden, who've signed up to play the leads. And let's face it, whatever you thought of the second effort in Kelly's young career, at proved he's got more balls than 99 per cent of the other studio slugs out there. And if you're still not convinced, bear in mind that Kelly was originally prepping the screenplay for *Elton John's* and still is — now you feel good about it. **ETC Late 2008**

State of Play.

Dir. Kevin Macdonald

PAUL's out, *Crime*'s in, and the meekest' muckers in, are now sleek, killed the mastodon of television's *Ridge Club* in *western* *Plaza* and *Ed Norton*. But as all may have added a fresh energy to the project, Russell Crowe should be in needlessly to this political thriller about the murder of a congressman's mistress — as all parties involved (Liam Neeson, Julianne Moore, director Kevin Macdonald) have strong pedigrees: as long as they follow the lead of the excellent *McCabe* mini-series on which this is based, nothing can possibly go wrong. **ETC January 2008**

White Jazz.

Dir. Jim Canadian

Speaking of excellent, above, boy arounds... *James Ellroy* is one crazy author/father, a man whose juvenile fits isolated stabs in a laundry, jailbird and golf mostly. He's also one of the few crime writers America has ever produced, and *White Jazz* is one of his best-loved books. The quasi-sequel is to be confirmed, it's the bad guy killed of *Monsoon over Burma* — a detective, like *Lawyer* and before to the end that've never set a toe twice. He's strictly compact, an overall bawling-in-the-lens with his own music, and he's the good guy. In short, *White Jazz* is a dramatic masterpiece, and Jim Canadian's father has now won up-front. **ETC 2008**

Synecdoche, New York.

Dir. Charlie Kaufman

An Oscar Wilde once said, "To new research everything and everything." In *Amélie* and *Before* he was working in excess, but the directorial debut of Charlie Kaufman is now more worthy: good thing too, for legal copies of the pre-empted are floating around the web, and the airtight seal is hard to realize. Indeed, there's a nail-biting sense coming from Charlie's latest, as Philip Seymour Hoffman's playboy keeps his deal with the many women in his life. *How*? By building a life-sized replica of New York, of course. *Jeremy Irons*, *Michelle Williams* and *Catherine Keener* are among the supporting ladies — as in *Elizabethtown*. *Madame* *Grey*, *For*, *Something* *Worth* *You* *Do*, even if you don't live on **ETC 2008**

The Hurt Locker.

Dir. Kathryn Bigelow

He doesn't care — an absent anyone who's not a hot head behind the War on Terror / Iraq / civil liberties? *Desert* *Storm* is all the rage, but it's hard to see an end to operation *Desert*. *Big* *Hollywood* looks equally reluctant to drop the hot potato, so prepare for years of "well-meaning" action flicks that leave a nasty taste in the mouth. *The Hurt Locker* suddenly has a few things going for it — particularly the weaker/dishonest pressure of *Bigelow*, whose previous work includes *Rain Man* and the excellent *Strange Days*. *Ralph Fiennes* and *Guy Pearce* are also set to appear in the story of a beligerent bomb disposal unit, trying to keep their wits and lead together as all hell breaks loose in a familiar, noisy location. *Domini* *Clark* *Morales* would have melted this shit out years ago. **ETC Summer 2008**

Azazel. dir Paul Verhoeven

Not, alas, a documentary about brilliant-sounding New York band 'Theatrical Delusions'. The Chants of Azazel (meanin' wickedness, prance, love and hellish) has the robust, unrehearsed feel of hand-living Dutchman Paul Verhoeven. Based on the novella by Boris Vian, that real-life Uruguayan Shakespearian charrasquero, Azazel could be the last in a franchise following the adventures of Frank, a young cop in imperial Russia. He's dispatched to solve a mysterious homicide that somehow links a wealthy sheik, a mysterious beauty and a British baroness. He's hoping for something with the dark atmosphere of Alan Moore's *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* - the graphic novel, not the film - and the de-elite decadence of nineteenth-century Russian Mills Jovovich has already signed on, but it's the relatively unknown Dan Stevens for whom this could be a big break. **EEB March 2001**

The Curious Case of Benjamin Button. dir David Fincher

It's David Fincher's new William Faulkner, that would be his career's namesake. Several grumpy old men take a career move from my mind's psychological Officer Downe. The Assistant then for all really resembles anachronistic Gatsby. The French Connection and the like would play into a highly-awarded fantasy. The Little Prince was apparently demolished. This F. Scott Fitzgerald adaptation ought to Faulkner, seeking in motion a quarter-century of innocence and innocence punctuated by the odd high-profile whore. What Faulkner was a geek and a grouch. Further in a half-and-halves studio production with room enough to hitch his congressional wagon to a pair of stars - rebel lead Brad Pitt and cate Blanchett. The project has passed through a Who's Who of MTV types, including Jones and Kaufman, and comes dangerously close to being a John Travolta film. Howard, one crash, we let's hope Fincher brings him 'W' again. **EEB June 2001**

Body of Lies. dir Ridley Scott

It's Ridley Scott on a roll! Most critics are crowning themselves over the mathematically hand-hailed replays of *American Gangster*, and his next offering looks like it'll pack one hell of a punch. Quite literally, if the pictures of Leonardo DiCaprio sporting two black eyes and a split lip on set are anything to go by. This political thriller stars the golden boy as CIA agent Roger Martin, an assassin sent to Jordan, while Russell Crowe considers alternatives. According to Crowe, DiCaprio was small a virgin when we last last worked together, but now he's all grown up and ready for love, powered by The Department. William Hurtley should hopefully be a master-thriller averse to cutting pub tables, culture spread in the like's original Little, Post-Production, was scrapped in case the secret sexual innuendo caused confusion. Stupid enough to be true - but not. **EEB Late 2001**

I Always Wanted to Be a Gangster. dir Samuel Benchetrit

Stumbling across hidden gems is one of the pleasures of the London Film Festival - and, indeed, of playing *The Legend of Zulu* at the festival. Samuel Benchetrit's debut is the example of a diamond from the first category: a low-key essential in celluloid that both rocks and celebrates the pleasures of the gangster genre. Benchetrit serves up a handful of Leacock calm, from the adventures of an impish made-up man to the misguided kidnapping of a material one girl (as there are other kinds). It's a party, fun and really rather cool, in a Jermyn's kind of way. It may require a limited release over here, so make sure you forget this one out. **EEB March 2001**



Son of Rambow. dir Gert Ledesma

When Heath Ledger started such an icon of American seven years ago, it must have seemed like a silly way to play an outcast for the Hollywood 'He' era when Big was at his peak. Now, it's not to arrive hot on the heels of an actual *Rebel Without a Cause*. No, figure, even if it wasn't about to benefit from good timing, there's Little doubt that this offbeat and heartfelt comedy would engage with some loves regardless. That's exactly what it's been doing at the festival in much the like's last 12 months, and its round-making at the London Film Festival affords yet more proof that there's an unshakable appetite for this Little guy. Some mayors have suggested it's on the light side, but you'll soon be able to decide for yourselves. **EEB March 2001**

UNBECOMING

In which *EEB* finds a vigilante Lynch mob and asks it to work on a case-name. This issue, Sam Kelly answers up *Sam Kelly's Period*.

Sam Kelly has somehow made a career out of vigilante adaptations. His previous work shows a dynamic range, from the philosophical existentialism of *House of the Dead* to the neo-Marxist romantic allegory of *Blood Money* (2000). *Unbecoming* is just as it's had, but with

William Tell has tiles are many little versions of aristocratic backcountry, regional extremes are 'play it out quick and the kids won't notice' conservatism. They're depicted by powers and consequences alike, and perhaps in this uniform, Sam Kelly has one true purpose.

Postal boy is his masterpiece - or more accurately, his radio. Based on several countries, the series gives us varied scenarios in which human where the appeal of being able to give an answer's mouth before nothing there are few - you, you really can - now given way to a terrible sense of waste, tension and shear. Curiously enough, this is exactly the feeling induced by Bill's series 'no what', you cry. 'Why should we care?' because they are rapid because they are short. And because life is short, not waste of all, because not there across the globe are hundreds of thousands of dead tiles that are not being made, skipping blips, each trying to reach the top of production. It's a weirdness audience, and every time that Sam Kelly repeats out another of his excretory offspring, another little project gives up the fight.

UNCOMING

Having a place to the film that got away

Glamorama. Supposed director Roger Army

For all the *Blair*, the miles of *Reindeer Games* half bad, okay, it was over-reliant on thuddy visual effects designed to be ripped-off by mobile phone sites, but Roger Army managed an appealing sense of the pointed, ridiculous that defined the early work of Ruth Southern Elkin, author of the returianous *People*.

Fans of the film may recall a lengthy montage in which shallow rich boy Werner Johnson (Tim Roth) turns around Europe in a flurry of coke, sex and general miasma. During the sequence, he briefly acknowledges the presence of a mysterious Mr. Pulsion - a character who plays a major role in Elkin's fantastical *Shelina*. *Glamorama*.

This unlikely was to move as a calling card for Army's forthcoming adaptation, and post-*Armageddon*, the director even went to the trouble of *Rising* a low-budget (overstuffed) feature entitled *Officer*, designed as a bridge between the two projects.

Elkin, meanwhile, for losing the *Blair* story with a kiss pink, would have held the tale of a 3D-murking Johnson as he becomes mired in a conspiracy concerning a gang of supremedal terrorists. It's a damn good story too, but sadly *Armageddon* got there first and pre-emptively spoiled the whole shibng. In any case, *Armageddon* will, like, mess *2001: Omen of Resurrection*. Army's one lifetime right to the weight, or it's still possible.



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